



LOWELL ·  
BIRTHDAY  
BOOK · · ·  
ILLUSTRATED

REFERENCE LIBRARY OF  
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

2 PARK STREET, BOSTON



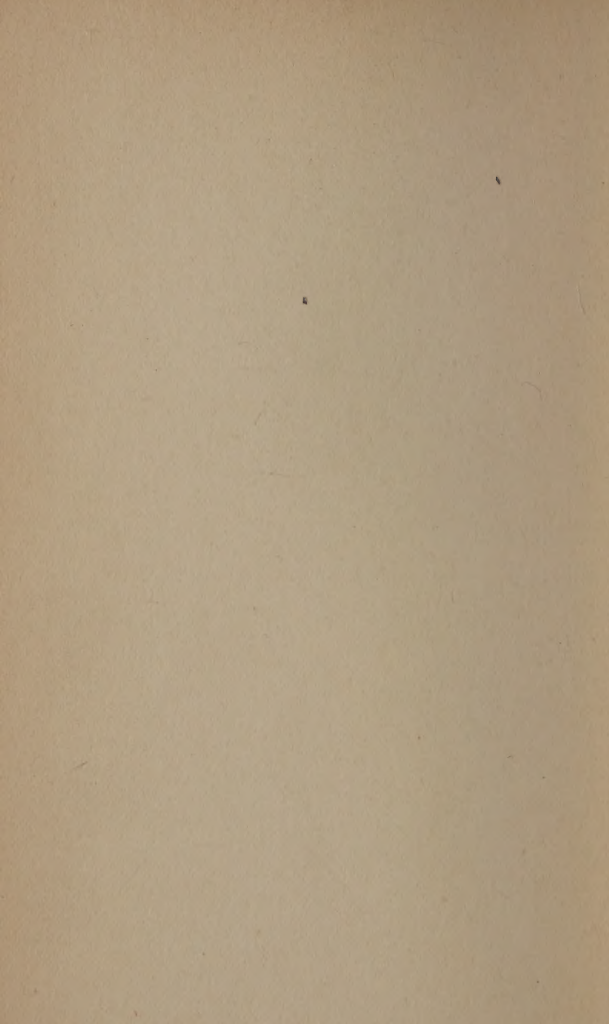
NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THE SHELVES  
EXCEPT BY PERMISSION OF  
THE LIBRARIAN

REFERENCE LIBRARY \* HUGHTON MIFFLIN CO. \* BOSTON, MASS.

*Archive  
Collection*



\*  
This book may not leave the Office  
and it borrowed must be returned within 7 days  
\*  
says 7

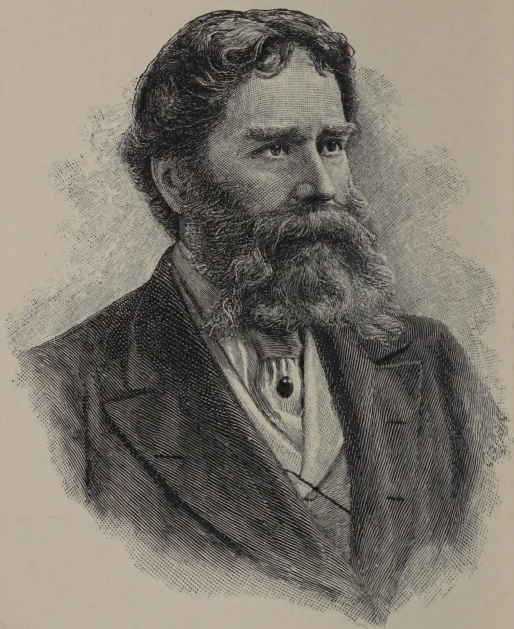












*J. M. Lowell*

# THE LOWELL BIRTHDAY BOOK

Life may be given in many ways,  
And loyalty to Truth be sealed  
As bravely in the closet as the field.

*Harvard Commemoration Ode*



BOSTON  
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY  
New York: 85 Fifth Avenue  
*The Riverside Press, Cambridge*



Copyright, 1883,  
By HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

*All rights reserved.*

## PREFACE.

---

MR. LOWELL, reprehending that "prevailing style of criticism which regards parts rather than wholes," says: "Passages are good when they lead to something, when they are necessary parts of the building, but they are not good to dwell in."

If readers shall be led, through the passages brought together in this volume, to make or renew an acquaintance with the noble building of which they are parts, the compiler will have occasion to rejoice in having been usefully as well as pleasantly employed.





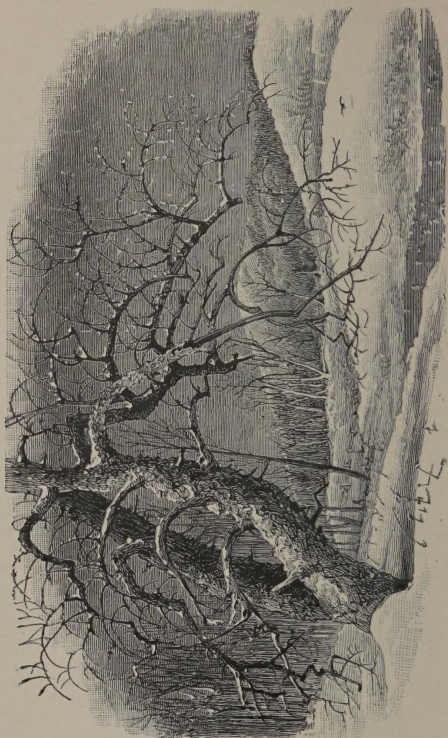


Fig. 1

## January.



### TO THE PAST.

WHATEVER of true life there was in thee  
    Leaps in our age's veins ;  
Wield still thy bent and wrinkled empery,  
    And shake thine idle chains ; —  
To thee thy dross is clinging,  
For us thy martyrs die, thy prophets see,  
Thy poets still are singing.

Here, mid the bleak waves of our strife and care,  
    Float the green Fortunate Isles  
Where all thy hero-spirits dwell, and share  
    Our martyrdoms and toils ;  
The present moves attended  
With all of brave and excellent and fair  
That made the old time splendid.

## JANUARY 1.

And he our passing guest,  
Shy nature, too, and stung with life's unrest,  
Whom we too briefly had but could not hold,  
Who brought ripe Oxford's culture to our board,  
The Past's incalculable hoard,  
Mellowed by scutcheoned panes in cloisters old ;  
. . . . .

Poet in all that poets have of best,  
But foiled with riddles dark and cloudy aims,  
Who now hath found sure rest. AGASSIZ.

---

## JANUARY 2.

Already, as I write, it is twenty-odd years ago. The balls fly thick and fast. The uncle defends the waist-high ramparts against a storm of nephews, his breast plastered with decorations like another Radetsky's. How well I recall the indomitable good-humor under fire of him who fell in the front at Ball's Bluff, the silent pertinacity of the gentle scholar who got his last hurt at Fair Oaks, the ardor in the charge of the gallant gentleman who, with the death-wound in his side, headed his brigade at Cedar Creek ! How it all comes back, and they never come ! I cannot again be the Vauban of fortresses in the innocent snow, but I shall never see children moulding their clumsy giants in it without longing to help. A GOOD WORD FOR WINTER.



JANUARY 1.

Arthur Hugh Clough, 1819; Ulric Zwingle, 1484;  
Paul Revere, 1735.



JANUARY 2.

Charles Russell Lowell, 1835; James Wolfe, 726.

### JANUARY 3.

It was a pretty fancy of the young Vermont sculptor to make his first essay in this evanescent material [snow]. Was it a figure of Youth, I wonder? Would it not be well if all artists could begin in stuff as perishable, to melt away when the sun of prosperity began to shine, and leave nothing behind but the gain of practised hands?

A GOOD WORD FOR WINTER.

One beauty, at its highest, prophesies  
That by whose side it shall seem mean and poor.

SONNET 17.

---

### JANUARY 4.

Particular superstitions are sometimes the embodiment by popular imagination of ideas that were at first mere poetic figments, but more commonly the degraded and distorted relics of religious beliefs. Dethroned gods, outlawed by the new dynasty, haunted the borders of their old dominions, lurking in forests and mountains, and venturing to show themselves only after nightfall. Grimm and others have detected old divinities skulking about in strange disguises, and living from hand to mouth on the charity of Gammer Grethel and Mère l'Oie. Cast out from Olympus and Asgard, they were thankful for the hospitality of the chimney-corner, and kept soul and body together by an illicit traffic between this world and the other. WITCHCRAFT.

JANUARY 3.

Larkin G. Meade, 1835; Douglas Jerrold, 1803.



JANUARY 4.

Jakob Ludwig Grimm, 1785; Benjamin Lundy, 1789.

## JANUARY 5.

I think the old fellow has hitherto had scant justice done him in the main. We make him the symbol of old age or death, and think we have settled the matter. As if old age were never kindly as well as frosty ; as if it had no reverend graces of its own as good in their way as the noisy impertinence of childhood, the elbowing self-conceit of youth, or the pompous mediocrity of middle life ! As if there were anything discreditable in death, or nobody had ever longed for it ! Suppose we grant that Winter is the sleep of the year, what then ? I take it upon me to say that his dreams are finer than the best reality of his waking rivals.

A GOOD WORD FOR WINTER.



## JANUARY 6.

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share  
her wretched crust,  
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 't is prosperous to be just ;  
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward  
stands aside,  
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,  
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they  
had denied.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

JANUARY 5.



JANUARY 6.

Charles Sumner, 1811 ; Owen Lovejoy, 1811.

## JANUARY 7.

I love to muse there till it kind o' seems  
Ez ef the world went eddyin' off in dreams ;  
The northwest wind thet twitches at my baird  
Blows out o' sturdier days not easy scared,  
An' the same moon thet this December shines  
Starts out the tents an' booths o' Putnam's lines ;  
The rail-fence posts, acrost the hill thet runs,  
Turn ghosts o' sogers should'rin' ghosts o' guns.

MASON AND SLIDELL: A YANKEE IDYLL.

---

## JANUARY 8.

Thick-rushing, like an ocean vast  
Of bisons the far prairie shaking,  
The notes crowd heavily and fast  
As surfs, one plunging while the last  
Draws seaward from its foamy breaking.

Or in low murmurs they began,  
Rising and rising momentarily,  
As o'er a harp Æolian  
A fitful breeze, until they ran  
Up to a sudden ecstasy.

And then, like minute-drops of rain  
Ringing in water silverly,  
They lingering dropped and dropped again  
Till it was almost like a pain  
To listen when the next would be.

REMEMBERED MUSIC.

JANUARY 7.

Israel Putnam, 1718.



JANUARY 8.

Lowell Mason, 1792.



JANUARY 9.

Rabbi Jehosha used to say  
That God made angels every day,  
Perfect as Michael and the rest  
First brooded in creation's nest,  
Whose only office was to cry  
*Hosanna!* once, and then to die ;  
Or rather, with Life's essence blent,  
To be led home from banishment.

Rabbi Jehosha had the skill  
To know that Heaven is in God's will ;  
And doing that, though for a space  
One heart-beat long, may win a grace  
As full of grandeur and of glow  
**As** Princes of the Chariot know.

## WHAT RABBI JEHOSSA SAID.



## JANUARY 10.

Yet to have greatly dreamed precludes low ends:

And aspiration, though not put in act,  
Comes back to ask its plighted troth again,  
Still watches round its grave the unlaïd ghost  
Of a dead virtue, and makes other hopes,  
Save that implacable one, seem thin and bleak  
As shadows of bare trees upon the snow,  
Bound freezing there by the unpitying moon.

COLUMBUS.

JANUARY 9.



JANUARY 10.

## JANUARY 11.

It may be glorious to write  
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three  
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight  
Once in a century ; —

But better far it is to speak  
One simple word, which now and then  
Shall waken their free nature in the weak  
And friendless sons of men ;

To write some earnest verse or line,  
Which, seeking not the praise of art,  
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine  
In the untutored heart.

AN INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR.

---

## JANUARY 12.

There are two men above all others for whom our respect is heightened by these letters, — the elder John Winthrop and Roger Williams. Winthrop appears throughout as a truly magnanimous and noble man in an unobtrusive way, — a kind of greatness that makes less noise in the world, but is on the whole more solidly satisfying than most others, — a man who has been dipped in the river of God (a surer baptism than Styx or dragon's blood) till his character is of perfect proof, and who appears plainly as the very soul and life of the young Colony.

NEW ENGLAND TWO CENTURIES AGO.

JANUARY 11.  
Bayard Taylor, 1825



JANUARY 12.  
John Winthrop, 1588.

### JANUARY 13.

O rich man's son ! there is a toil  
That with all others level stands ;  
Large charity doth never soil,  
But only whiten, soft white hands, —  
This is the best crop from thy lands ;  
A heritage, it seems to be,  
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son ! scorn not thy state ;  
There is worse weariness than thine,  
In merely being rich and great ;  
Toil only gives the soul to shine,  
And makes rest fragrant and benign ;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

THE HERITAGE.

---

### JANUARY 14.

Choice seems a thing indifferent ; thus or so,  
What matters it ? The Fates with mocking face  
Look on inexorable, nor seem to know  
Where the lot lurks that gives life's foremost place.  
Yet Duty's leaden casket holds it still,  
And but two ways are offered to our will,  
Toil with rare triumph, ease with safe disgrace,  
The problem still for us and all of human race.

UNDER THE OLD ELM.

JANUARY 13.



JANUARY 14.

## JANUARY 15.

What is the reason that all children are geniuses, (though they contrive so soon to outgrow that dangerous quality,) except that they never cross-examine themselves on the subject? The moment that process begins, their speech loses its gift of unexpectedness, and they become as tediously impertinent as the rest of us.

ROUSSEAU AND THE SENTIMENTALISTS.

It is no little thing, when a fresh soul  
And a fresh heart, with their unmeasured scope  
For good, not gravitating earthward yet,  
But circling in diviner periods,  
Are sent into the world.

. . . . .

Children are God's apostles, day by day  
Sent forth to preach of love, and hope, and peace.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND'S CHILD.



## JANUARY 16.

One volume of contemporary memoirs, stuffed though it be with lies, (for lies to be good for anything must have a potential probability, must even be true so far as their moral and social setting is concerned,) will throw more light into the dark backward of time than the gravest Camden or Thuanus. If St. Simon is not accurate, is he any the less essentially *true*?

A GREAT PUBLIC CHARACTER.



JANUARY 15.

Marjorie Fleming, 1803; Molière, 1622;

Philip Livingston, 1716.

---

JANUARY 16.

Saint Simon, 1675.

## JANUARY 17.

O music of all moods and climes,  
Vengeful, forgiving, sensuous, saintly,  
Where still, between the Christian chimes,  
The moorish cymbal tinkles faintly !

O life borne lightly in the hand,  
For friend or foe with grace Castilian !  
O valley safe in Fancy's land,  
Not tramped to mud yet by the million !

Bird of to-day, thy songs are stale  
To his, my singer of all weathers,  
My Calderon, my nightingale,  
My Arab soul in Spanish feathers.

THE NIGHTINGALE IN THE STUDY.

---

## JANUARY 18.

Is this debating-club where boys dispute,  
And wrangle o'er their stolen fruit,  
The Senate, erewhile cloister of the few,  
Where Clay once flashed and Webster's cloudy  
brow

Brooded those bolts of thought that all the horizon  
knew? AN ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Time Was unlocks the riddle of Time Is,  
That offers choice of glory or of gloom ;  
The solver makes Time Shall Be surely his.

THE WASHERS OF THE SHROUD.

JANUARY 17.

Calderon, 1600; Benjamin Franklin, 1706.  
Alfieri, 1749.

---

JANUARY 18.

Daniel Webster, 1782; Montesquieu, 1689.

## JANUARY 19.

We soon had our tea-kettle over the fire, and before long the cover was chattering with the escaping steam, which had thus vainly begged of all men to be saddled and bridled, till James Watt one day happened to overhear it. A MOOSEHEAD JOURNAL.

But, after all, is it such a great crime to produce something absolutely new in a world so tedious as ours, and so apt to tell its old stories over again? I do not mean new in substance, but in the manner of presentation. . . . Because *Alexis and Dora* is so charming, shall we have no *Paul and Virginia*?

SHAKESPEARE ONCE MORE.



## JANUARY 20.

In a country where scarcely a village is found  
That has not its author sublime and profound,  
For some one to be slightly shoal is a duty,  
And Willis's shallowness makes half his beauty.  
His prose winds along with a blithe, gurgling error,  
And reflects all of Heaven it can see in its mirror.  
'Tis a narrowish strip, but it is not an artifice, —  
'Tis the true out-of-doors with its genuine hearty  
phiz ;

It is Nature herself, and there's something in that,  
Since most brains reflect but the crown of a hat.

A FABLE FOR CRITICS.

JANUARY 19.

James Watt, 1736; Bernardin St. Pierre, 1737.



JANUARY 20.

N. P. Willis, 1807.

## JANUARY 21.

The sixteenth century was a spendthrift of literary genius. . . . Montaigne, Tasso, and Cervantes were born within fourteen years of each other ; and in England, while Spenser was still delving over the *propria quæ maribus*, and Raleigh launching paper navies, Shakespeare was stretching his baby hands for the moon, and the little Bacon; chewing on his coral, had discovered that impenetrability was one quality of matter. It almost takes one's breath away to think that "Hamlet" and the "Novum Organon" were at the risk of teething and measles at the same time.

SHAKESPEARE ONCE MORE.

---

## JANUARY 22.

But the man Lessing, harassed and striving life-long, always poor and always hopeful, with no patron but his own right-hand, the very shuttlecock of fortune, who saw ruin's ploughshare drive through the hearth on which his first home-fire was hardly kindled, and who, through all, was faithful to himself, to his friend, to his duty, and to his ideal, is something more inspiring for us than the most glorious utterance of merely intellectual power. The figure of Goethe is grand, it is rightfully pre-eminent, it has something of the calm, and something of the coldness, of the immortals ; but the Valhalla of German letters can show one form, in its simple manhood, statelier even than his.

LESSING.

JANUARY 21.

---

JANUARY 22.

Francis Bacon, 1561; Lessing, 1729; Byron, 1788.



## JANUARY 23.

Of absolute originality we will not speak till authors are raised by some Deucalion-and-Pyrrha process; and even then our faith would be small, for writers who have no past are pretty sure of having no future.

DRYDEN.

But men have their intellectual ancestry, and the likeness of some one of them is forever unexpectedly flashing out in the features of a descendant, it may be after a gap of several generations. In the parliament of the present every man represents a constituency of the past.

KEATS.

---

## JANUARY 24.

Once git a smell o' musk into a draw,  
An' it clings hold like precerdents in law :  
Your gra' ma'am put it there, — when, goodness  
    knows, —  
To jes' this-worldify her Sunday-clo'es ;  
But the old chist wun't sarve her gran'son's wife,  
(For, 'thout new funnitoor, wut good in life ?)  
An' so ole clawfoot, from the precinks dread  
O' the spare chamber, slinks into the shed,  
Where, dim with dust, it fust or last subsides  
To holdin' seeds an' fifty things besides ;  
But better days stick fast in heart an' husk,  
An' all you keep in 't gits a scent o' musk.

SUNTHIN' IN THE PASTORAL LINE.

JANUARY 23.

---

JANUARY 24.

## JANUARY 25.

Burns, who was more out of doors than most poets, and whose barefoot Muse got the color in her cheeks by vigorous exercise in all weathers.

A GOOD WORD FOR WINTER.

He spoke of Burns : men rude and rough  
Pressed round to hear the praise of one  
Whose heart was made of manly, simple stuff,  
As homespun as their own.

And, when he read, they forward leaned,  
Drinking, with thirsty hearts and ears,  
His brook-like songs whom glory never weaned  
From humble smiles and tears.

AN INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR.

---

## JANUARY 26.

Men acting gregariously are always in extremes ; as they are one moment capable of higher courage, so they are liable, the next, to baser depression, and it is often a matter of chance whether numbers shall multiply confidence or discouragement. Nor does deception lead more surely to distrust of men, than self-deception to suspicion of principles. The only faith that wears well and holds its color in all weathers is that which is woven of conviction and set with the sharp mordant of experience.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

JANUARY 25.  
Robert Burns, 1759.

---

JANUARY 26.

## JANUARY 27.

Then swelled the organ : up through choir and nave  
The music trembled with an inward thrill  
Of bliss at its own grandeur : wave on wave  
Its flood of mellow thunder rose, until  
The hushed air shivered with the throb it gave,  
Then, poising for a moment, it stood still,  
And sank and rose again, to burst in spray  
That wandered into silence far away.

A LEGEND OF BRITTANY.

---

## JANUARY 28.

Benvenuto Cellini tells us that when, in his boyhood, he saw a salamander come out of the fire, his grandfather forthwith gave him a sound beating, that he might the better remember so unique a prodigy. Though perhaps in this case the rod had another application than the autobiographer chooses to disclose, and was intended to fix in the pupil's mind a lesson of veracity rather than of science, the testimony to its mnemonic virtue remains. Nay, so universally was it once believed that the senses, and through them the faculties of observation and retention, were quickened by an irritation of the cuticle, that in France it was customary to whip the children annually at the boundaries of the parish, lest the true place of them might ever be lost through neglect of so inexpensive a mordant for the memory.

DRYDEN.

JANUARY 27.

Mozart, 1756.



JANUARY 28.

## JANUARY 29.

No man can think nor in himself perceive,  
Sometimes at waking, in the street sometimes,  
Or on the hillside, always unforewarned,  
A grace of being, finer than himself,  
That beckons and is gone, — a larger life  
Upon his own impinging, with swift glimpse  
Of spacious circles luminous with mind,  
To which the ethereal substance of his own  
Seems but gross cloud to make that visible,  
Touched to a sudden glory round the edge.

. . . . .

Be He nowhere else,  
God is in all that liberates and lifts,  
In all that humbles, sweetens, and consoles.

THE CATHEDRAL.



## JANUARY 30.

O ancient commonwealths, that we revere  
Haply because we could not know you near,  
Your deeds like statues down the aisles of Time  
Shine peerless in memorial calm sublime,  
And Athens is a trumpet still, and Rome ;  
Yet which of your achievements is not foam  
Weighed with this one of hers (below you far  
In fame, and born beneath a milder star),  
That to Earth's orphans, far as curves the dome  
Of death-deaf sky, the bounteous West means  
home. AN ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.



JANUARY 29.

Emanuel Swedenborg, 1688



JANUARY 30.

Charles Rollin, 1661; Walter Savage Landor, 1775

JANUARY 31.

Thy voice is like a fountain,  
Leaping up in clear moonshine ;  
Silver, silver, ever mounting,  
Ever sinking,  
Without thinking,  
To that brimful heart of thine.  
Every sad and happy feeling,  
Thou hast had in bygone years,  
Through thy lips comes stealing, stealing,  
Clear and low ;  
All thy smiles and all thy tears  
In thy voice awaken,  
And sweetness, wove of joy and woe,  
From their teaching it hath taken :  
Feeling and music move together,  
Like a swan and shadow ever  
Floating on a sky-blue river  
In a day of cloudless weather.  
TO PERDITA, SINGING.

JANUARY 31.  
Franz Schubert, 1797.

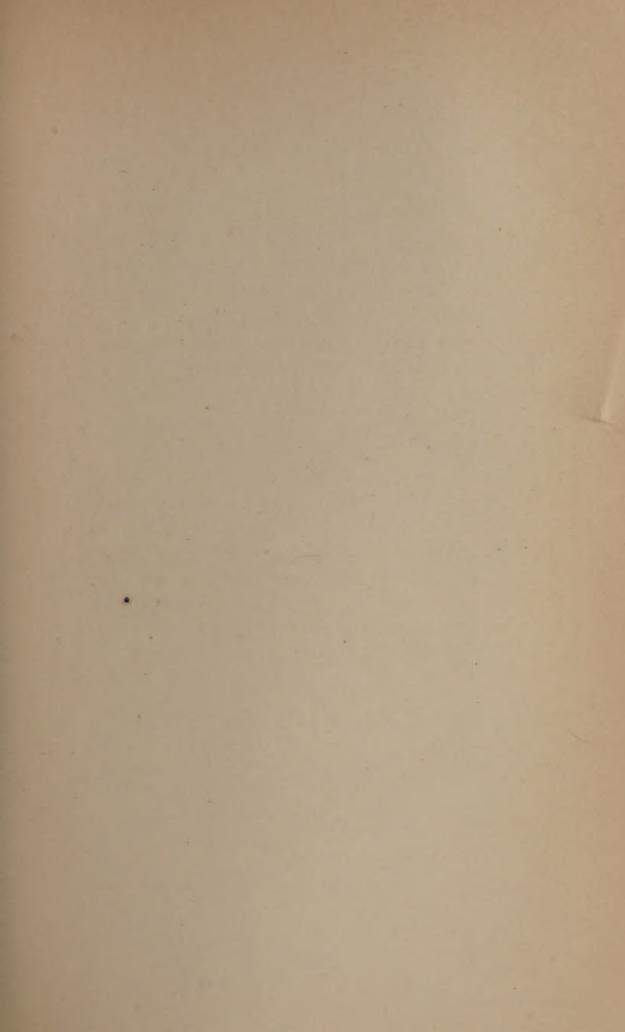
THERE was never a leaf on bush or tree,  
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly ;  
The river was dumb and could not speak,  
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun ;  
A single crow on the tree-top bleak

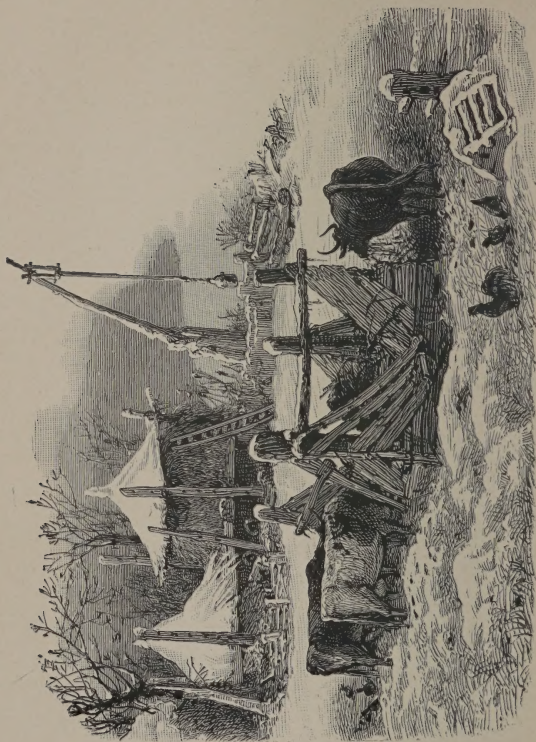
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun ;  
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,  
As if her veins were sapless and old,  
And she rose up decrepitley  
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

And once I learned how marvellous winter was,  
When past the fence-rails, downy-gray with rime,  
I creaked adventurous o'er the spangled crust  
That made familiar fields seem far and strange  
As those stark wastes that whiten endlessly  
In ghastly solitude about the pole,  
And gleam relentless to the unsetting sun.

THE CATHEDRAL.





## February.

---

BEAUTY on my hearth-stone blazing !  
To-night the triple Zoroaster  
Shall my prophet be and master :  
To-night will I pure Magian be,  
Hymns to thy sole honor raising,  
While thou leapest fast and faster,  
Wild with self-delighted glee,  
Or sink'st low and glowest faintly  
As an aureole still and saintly,  
Keeping cadence to my praising  
Thee ! still thee ! and only thee !  
. . . . .

What warm protection dost thou bend  
Round curtained talk of friend with friend,  
While the gray snow-storm, held aloof,  
To softest outline rounds the roof,  
Or the rude North with baffled strain  
Shoulders the frost-starred window-pane !  
. . . . .

Sun of all inmost confidences,  
To thy rays doth the heart uncloze  
Its formal calyx of pretences,  
That close against rude day's offences,  
And open its shy midnight rose !

A WINTER-EVENING HYMN TO MY FIRE.



### FEBRUARY 3.

Thine is music such as yields  
Feelings of old brooks and fields,  
And, around this pent-up room,  
Sheds a woodland, free perfume ;

O, thus forever sing to me !

O, thus forever !

The green, bright grass of childhood bring to me,  
Flowing like an emerald river,  
And the bright blue skies above !  
O, sing them back, as fresh as ever,  
Into the bosom of my love.

TO PERDITA, SINGING.

---

### FEBRUARY 4.

The phrase "a great public character," once common, seems to be going out of fashion, perhaps because there are fewer examples of the thing. It fits Josiah Quincy exactly. . . . A true pillar of house and state, he stood unflinchingly upright under whatever burden might be laid upon him. The French Revolutionists aped what was itself but a parody of the elder republic, with their hair *à la* Brutus and their pedantic moralities *à la* Cato Minor, but this man unconsciously was the antique Roman they laboriously went about to be. Others have filled places more conspicuous, few have made the place they filled so conspicuous by an exact and disinterested performance of duty.

A GREAT PUBLIC CHARACTER.

FEBRUARY 3.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1809; Horace Greeley, 1811;  
F. W. Robertson, 1816.



FEBRUARY 4.

Josiah Quincy, 1772.

### FEBRUARY 3.

Thine is music such as yields  
Feelings of old brooks and fields,  
And, around this pent-up room,  
Sheds a woodland, free perfume ;  
O, thus forever sing to me !

O, thus forever !

The green, bright grass of childhood bring to me,  
Flowing like an emerald river,  
And the bright blue skies above !  
O, sing them back, as fresh as ever,  
Into the bosom of my love.

—◆—  
TO PERDITA, SINGING.

### FEBRUARY 4.

The phrase "a great public character," once common, seems to be going out of fashion, perhaps because there are fewer examples of the thing. It fits Josiah Quincy exactly. . . . A true pillar of house and state, he stood unflinchingly upright under whatever burden might be laid upon him. The French Revolutionists aped what was itself but a parody of the elder republic, with their hair *à la* Brutus and their pedantic moralities *à la* Cato Minor, but this man unconsciously was the antique Roman they laboriously went about to be. Others have filled places more conspicuous, few have made the place they filled so conspicuous by an exact and disinterested performance of duty.

A GREAT PUBLIC CHARACTER.

**FEBRUARY 3.**

**Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1809; Horace Greeley, 1811;  
F. W. Robertson, 1816.**



**FEBRUARY 4.**

**Josiah Quincy, 1772.**

## FEBRUARY 5.

Take Winter as you find him, and he turns out to be a thoroughly honest fellow, with no nonsense in him, and tolerating none in you, which is a great comfort in the long run. He is not what they call a genial critic ; but bring a real man along with you, and you will find there is a crabbed generosity about the old cynic that you would not exchange for all the creamy concessions of Autumn. "Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness," quotha? That 's just it ; Winter soon blows your head clear of fog and makes you see things as they are ; I thank him for it !

A GOOD WORD FOR WINTER.

---

## FEBRUARY 6.

Why, law an' order, honor, civil right,  
Ef they *ain't* wuth it, wut *is* wuth a fight?  
I 'm older 'n you : the plough, the axe, the mill,  
All kin's o' labor an' all kin's o' skill,  
Would be a rabbit in a wile-cat's claw,  
Ef 't warn't for thet slow critter, 'stablished law ;  
Onsettle *thet*, an' all the world goes whiz,  
A screw's gut loose in everythin' there is :  
Good buttresses once settled, don't you fret  
An' stir 'em ; take a bridge's word for thet !  
Young folks are smart, but all ain't good thet's  
new ;  
I guess the gran'thers they knowed sunthin' tu.

MASON AND SLIDELL: A YANKEE IDYLL.

**FEBRUARY 5.**

---

**FEBRUARY 6.**

## FEBRUARY 7.

Wealth and rule slip down with Fortune, as her  
wheel turns round ;  
He who keeps his faith, he only cannot be dis-  
crowned.

Little were a change of station, loss of life or crown,  
But the wreck were past retrieving if the Man fell  
down.

MAHMOOD THE IMAGE-BREAKER.

---

## FEBRUARY 8.

We cannot but think that there is something like a fallacy in Mr. Buckle's theory that the advance of mankind is necessarily in the direction of science, and not in that of morals. . . . No one questions how much science has done for our physical comfort and convenience, and with the mass of men these perhaps must of necessity precede the quickening of their moral instincts ; but such material gains are illusory, unless they go hand in hand with a corresponding ethical advance. The man who gives his life for a principle has done more for his kind than he who discovers a new metal or names a new gas, for the great motors of the race are moral, not intellectual, and their force lies ready to the use of the poorest and weakest of us all.

DANTE.



FEBRUARY 7.

Sir Thomas More, 1480; Charles Dickens, 1812.

---

FEBRUARY 8.

## FEBRUARY 9.

When the hid tide is at its highest flow,  
O'er marsh and stream one breathless trance of  
snow  
With brooding fullness awes and hushes every-  
thing.

The sunshine seems blown off by the bleak  
wind,  
As pale as formal candles lit by day ;  
Gropes to the sea the river dumb and blind ;  
The brown ricks, snow-thatched by the storm in  
play,  
Show pearly breakers combing o'er their lee,  
White crests as of some just enchanted sea,  
Checked in their maddest leap and hanging poised  
midway.

AN INDIAN-SUMMER REVERIE.

---

## FEBRUARY 10.

There are two kinds of genius. The first and highest may be said to speak out of the eternal to the present, and must compel its age to understand *it* ; the second understands its age, and tells it what it wishes to be told. Let us find strength and inspiration in the one, amusement and instruction in the other, and be honestly thankful for both.

POPE.

**FEBRUARY 9.**



**FEBRUARY 10.**

## FEBRUARY 11.

Yes, a great heart is hers, one that dares to go in  
To the prison, the slave-hut, the alleys of sin,  
And to bring into each, or to find there, some line  
Of the never completely out-trampled divine.

A FABLE FOR CRITICS.

---

## FEBRUARY 12.

Mr. Lincoln's faith in God was qualified by a very well-founded distrust of the wisdom of man. Perhaps it was his want of self-confidence that more than anything else won him the unlimited confidence of the people, for they felt that there would be no need of retreat from any position he had deliberately taken. . . . The very homeliness of his genius was its distinction. His kingship was conspicuous by its workday homespun. Never was ruler so absolute as he, nor so little conscious of it ; for he was the incarnate common-sense of the people.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Great captains, with their guns and drums,  
Disturb our judgment for the hour,  
But at last silence comes ;  
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,  
Our children shall behold his fame,  
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,  
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,  
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

HARVARD COMMEMORATION ODE.

**FEBRUARY 11.**

**Lydia Maria Child, 1802.**



**FEBRUARY 12.**

**Abraham Lincoln, 1809; Cotton Mather, 1663; Peter  
Cooper, 1791.**

## FEBRUARY 13.

Let us not forget that the aim of the true satirist is not to be severe upon persons, but only upon falsehood, and, as Truth and Falsehood start from the same point, and sometimes even go along together for a little way, his business is to follow the path of the latter after it diverges, and to show her floundering in the bog at the end of it. Truth is quite beyond the reach of satire. There is so brave a simplicity in her, that she can no more be made ridiculous than an oak or a pine.

LETTER OF THE REV. HOMER WILBUR.

---

## FEBRUARY 14.

The heart grows richer that its lot is poor, —  
God blesses want with larger sympathies, —  
Love enters gladliest at the humble door,  
And makes the cot a palace with his eyes.

. . . . .

Full many a sweet forewarning hath the mind,  
Full many a whispering of vague desire,  
Ere comes the nature destined to unbind  
Its virgin zone, and all its deeps inspire, —  
Low stirrings in the leaves, before the wind  
Wake all the green strings of the forest lyre,  
Faint beatings in the calyx, ere the rose  
Its warm voluptuous breast doth all unclose.

A LEGEND OF BRITTANY.

## FEBRUARY 13.

Samuel Butler, 1612; Talleyrand, 1754; Benson J. Lossing,  
1813.



## FEBRUARY 14.



## FEBRUARY 15.

There is something solid and doughty in the man, that can rise from defeat, the stuff of which victories are made in due time, when we are able to choose our position better, and the sun is at our back.

DRYDEN.

Endurance is the crowning quality,  
And patience all the passion of great hearts ;  
These are their stay, and when the leaden world  
Sets its hard face against their fateful thought,  
And brute strength, like a scornful conqueror,  
Clangs his huge mace down in the other scale,  
The inspired soul but flings his patience in,  
And slowly that outweighs the ponderous globe, —  
One faith against a whole earth's unbelief,  
One soul against the flesh of all mankind.

COLUMBUS.

---

## FEBRUARY 16.

Careless seems the great Avenger ; history's pages  
but record  
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old sys-  
tems and the Word ;  
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on  
the throne, —  
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the  
dim unknown,  
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch  
above his own.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

## FEBRUARY 15.

Galileo, 1564.

---

## FEBRUARY 16.

Philip Melanchthon, 1497; Gaspard de Coligni: 1517; Henry  
Wilson, 1812.

## FEBRUARY 17.

Nor can I count him happiest who has never  
Been forced with his own hand his chains to sever,  
And for himself find out the way divine ;  
He never knew the aspirer's glorious pains,  
He never earned the struggle's priceless gains.  
O, block by block, with sore and sharp endeavor,  
Lifelong we build these human natures up  
Into a temple fit for freedom's shrine,  
And Trial ever consecrates the cup  
Wherefrom we pour her sacrificial wine.      TRIAL.

---

## FEBRUARY 18.

Charles Lamb . . . came to the old English dramatists with the feeling of a discoverer. He brought with him an alert curiosity, and everything was delightful simply because it was strange. Like other early adventurers, he sometimes mistook shining sand for gold ; but he had the great advantage of not feeling himself responsible for the manners of the inhabitants he found there, and not thinking it needful to make them square with any Westminster Catechism of æsthetics. Best of all, he did not feel compelled to compare them with the Greeks, about whom he knew little, and cared less.

SHAKESPEARE ONCE MORE.

**FEBRUARY 17.**

---

**FEBRUARY 18.**

**Charles Lamb, 1775; Nicolo Paganini, 1784; George  
Peabody, 1795.**

## FEBRUARY 19.

We had the fortune, which neither of us have had reason to call other than good, to journey together through the green, secluded valley of boyhood ; together we climbed the mountain wall which shut in, and looked down upon, those Italian plains of early manhood ; and, since then, we have met sometimes by a well, or broken bread together at an oasis in the arid desert of life, as it truly is.

CAMBRIDGE THIRTY YEARS AGO.

Who carves his thought in marble will not scorn  
These pictured bubbles, if so far they fly ;  
They will recall days ruddy but with morn,  
Not red like these late past or drawing nigh !

To W. W. S. *Dedication to Fireside Travels.*

---

## FEBRUARY 20.

Blessèd the natures shored on every side  
With landmarks of hereditary thought !  
Thrice happy they that wander not lifelong  
Beyond near succor of the household faith,  
The guarded fold that shelters, not confines !  
Their steps find patience in familiar paths,  
Printed with hope by loved feet gone before  
Of parent, child, or lover, glorified  
By simple magic of dividing Time.

THE CATHEDRAL.

**FEBRUARY 19.**

William W. Story, 1819; Copernicus, 1473.

---

**FEBRUARY 20.**

## FEBRUARY 21.

I've ben since a-visitin' the Jedge,  
Whose garding whispers with the river's edge,  
Where I've sot mornin's lazy as the bream,  
Whose on'y business is to head up-stream,  
(We call 'em punkin-seed,) or else in chat  
Along 'th the Jedge, who covers with his hat  
More wit an' gumption an' shrewd Yankee sense  
Than there is mosses on an ole stone fence.

INTRODUCTION TO MASON AND SLIDELL.

---

## FEBRUARY 22.

He chose, as men choose, where most danger  
showed,  
Nor ever faltered 'neath the load  
Of petty cares, that gall great hearts the most,  
But kept right on the strenuous up-hill road,  
Strong to the end, above complaint or boast :  
The popular tempest on his rock-mailed coast  
Wasted its wind-borne spray,  
The noisy marvel of a day ;  
His soul sate still in its unstormed abode.

UNDER THE OLD ELM.

Surely if skill in song the shears may stay  
And of its purpose cheat the charmed abyss,  
If our poor life be lengthened by a lay,  
He shall not go, although his presence may,  
And the next age in praise shall double this.

To H. W. L., *On his Birthday.*



FEBRUARY 21.

E. R. Hoar, 1816; John Henry Newman, 1801; G. P.  
Putnam, 1814.



FEBRUARY 22.

George Washington, 1732; James Russell Lowell, 1819.

## FEBRUARY 23.

No history gives us so clear an understanding of the moral condition of average men after the restoration of the Stuarts as the unconscious blabbings of the Puritan tailor's son, with his two consciences, as it were, — an inward, still sensitive in spots, though mostly toughened to India-rubber, and good rather for rubbing out old scores than retaining them, and an outward, alert, and termagantly effective in Mrs. Pepys.

A GREAT PUBLIC CHARACTER.

Almost the only notices of Dryden that make him alive to me I have found in the delicious book of this Polonius-Montaigne, the only man who ever had the courage to keep a sincere journal, even under the shelter of cipher.

DRYDEN.

---

## FEBRUARY 24.

We, listening, learned what makes the might of words, —

Manhood to back them, constant as a star.

ON BOARD THE '76.

For he who settles Freedom's principles  
Writes the death-warrant of all tyranny ;  
Who speaks the truth stabs Falsehood to the heart,  
And his mere word makes despots tremble more  
Than ever Brutus with his dagger could.

L' ENVOI.

FEBRUARY 23.

Samuel Pepys, 1632; G. F. Handel, 1685.



FEBRUARY 24.

George Wm. Curtis, 1824; Pico della Mirandola, 1463.  
Charles V., 1500.

## FEBRUARY 25.

If any lesson may be drawn from the tragical and too often disgusting history of witchcraft, it is not one of exultation at our superior enlightenment or shame at the shortcomings of the human intellect. It is rather one of charity and self-distrust. When we see what inhuman absurdities men in other respects wise and good have clung to as the cornerstone of their faith in immortality and a divine ordering of the world, may we not suspect that those who now maintain political or other doctrines which seem to us barbarous and unenlightened, may be, for all that, in the main as virtuous and clear-sighted as ourselves ?

WITCHCRAFT.

---

## FEBRUARY 26.

And, as the finder of some unknown realm,  
Mounting a summit whence he thinks to see  
On either side of him the imprisoning sea,  
Beholds, above the clouds that overwhelm  
The valley-land, peak after snowy peak  
Stretch out of sight, each like a silver helm  
Beneath its plume of smoke, sublime and bleak,  
And what he thought an island finds to be  
A continent to him first oped, — so we  
Can from our height of Freedom look along  
A boundless future, ours if we be strong.

FREEDOM.

**FEBRUARY 25.**

**First Accusation of Witchcraft, Salem, 1692.**

---

**FEBRUARY 26.**

## FEBRUARY 27.

With loving breath of all the winds his name  
Is blown about the world, but to his friends  
A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,  
And Love steals shyly through the loud acclaim  
To murmur a *God bless you!* and there ends.

. . . . .

Long days be his, and each as lusty-sweet  
As gracious natures find his song to be ;  
May Age steal on with softly-cadenced feet  
Falling in music, as for him were meet  
Whose choicest verse is harsher-toned than he !  
To H. W. L. *On his Birthday*, 1867.

---

## FEBRUARY 28.

We must not forget the debt which all modern prose literature owes to France. It is true that Machiavelli was the first to write with classic pith and point in a living language ; but he is, for all that, properly an ancient. Montaigne is really the first modern writer, — the first who assimilated his Greek and Latin, and showed that an author might be original and charming, even classical, if he did not try too hard. He is also the first modern critic, and his judgments of the writers of antiquity are those of an equal. He made the ancients his servants, to help him think in Gascon French ; and, in spite of his endless quotations, began the crusade against pedantry.

LESSING.

FEBRUARY 27.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1807.



FEBRUARY 28.

Michel de Montaigne, 1533; Mary Lyon, 1797.



FEBRUARY 29.

Though old the thought and oft exprest,  
'T is his at last who says it best, —  
I'll try my fortune with the rest.

Life is a leaf of paper white  
Whereon each one of us may write  
His word or two, and then comes night.

“Lo, time and space enough,” we cry,  
“To write an epic!” so we try  
Our nibs upon the edge, and die.

Muse not which way the pen to hold,  
Luck hates the slow and loves the bold,  
Soon come the darkness and the cold.

Greatly begin! though thou have time  
But for a line, be that sublime, —  
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

Ah, with what lofty hope we came!  
But we forget it, dream of fame,  
And scrawl, as I do here, a name.

FOR AN AUTOGRAPH.

FEBRUARY 29.

GOD makes sech nights, all white an' still  
Fur 'z you can look or listen,  
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,  
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown  
An' peeked in thru' the winder,  
An' there sot Huldy all alone,  
'ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side  
With half a cord o' wood in —  
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)  
To bake ye to a puddin'.

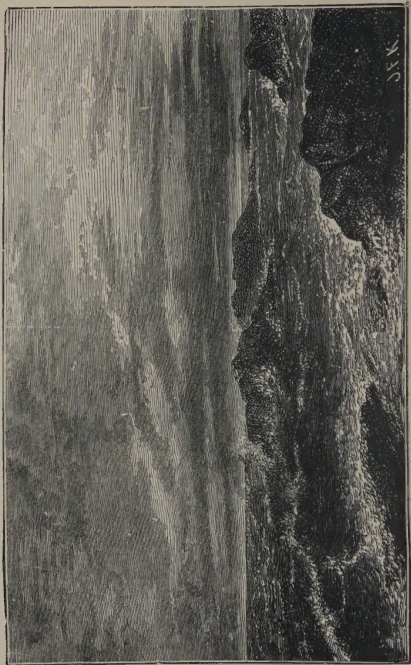
The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out  
Towards the pootiest, bless her,  
An' leetle flames danced all about  
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,  
An' in amongst 'em rusted  
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young  
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,  
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',  
An' she looked full ez rosy agin  
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

THE COURTIN





## March.

---

WHAT gnarled stretch, what depth of shade, is his !  
There needs no crown to mark the forest's king.

. . . . .  
How towers he, too, amid the billowed snows,  
An unquelled exile from the summer's throne,  
Whose plain, uncinctured front more kingly shows,  
Now that the obscuring courtier leaves are flown.  
His boughs make music of the winter air,  
Jewelled with sleet, like some Cathedral front,  
Where clinging snow-flakes with quaint art repair  
The dints and furrows of time's envious brunt.

How doth his patient strength the rude March wind  
Persuade to seem glad breaths of summer breeze,  
And win the soil that fain would be unkind,  
To swell his revenues with proud increase !  
He is the gem ; and all the landscape wide  
(So doth his grandeur isolate the sense)  
Seems but the setting, worthless all beside,  
An empty socket, were he fallen thence.

THE OAK

## MARCH 1.

He needs no ship to cross the tide,  
Who, in the lives about him, sees  
Fair window-prospects opening wide.

. . . . .

Whatever moulds of various brain  
E'er shaped the world to weal or woe,  
Whatever empires' wax and wane,  
To him that hath not eyes in vain,  
Our village-microcosm can show.

AN INVITATION.

---

## MARCH 2.

We should have to be shipwrecked on Juan Fernandez not to find men who knew more than we. In these travelling encounters one is thrown upon his own resources, and is worth just what he carries about him. The social currency of home, the smooth-worn coin which passes freely among friends and neighbors, is of no account. We are thrown back upon the old system of barter; and, even with savages, we bring away only as much of the wild wealth of the woods as we carry beads of thought and experience, strung one by one in painful years, to pay for them with. A useful old jack-knife will buy more than the daintiest Louis Quinze paper-folder fresh from Paris.

A MOOSEHEAD JOURNAL.



MARCH 1.

William D. Howells, 1837.



MARCH 2

### MARCH 3.

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the  
broad earth's aching breast  
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from  
east to west,  
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul  
within him climb  
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sub-  
lime  
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny  
stem of Time.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

---

### MARCH 4.

W., like P., wore amazing spectacles, fit to transmit no smaller image than the page of mightiest folios of Dioscorides or Hercules de Saxonia, and rising full-disked upon the beholder like those prodigies of two moons at once, portending change to monarchs. . . . One can fancy that terrified Nature would have yielded up her secrets at once, without cross-examination, at their first glare. . . . He used to stop and say good-morning kindly, and pat the shoulder of the blushing school-boy who now, with the fierce snow-storm wildering without, sits and remembers sadly those old meetings and partings in the June sunshine.

CAMBRIDGE THIRTY YEARS AGO.

MARCH 3.

Emancipation in Russia, 1861; William Charles Macready,  
1793.



MARCH 4.

Benjamin Waterhouse, 1754.

## MARCH 5.

Not that I feel that hunger after fame  
Which souls of a half-greatness are beset with ;  
But that the memory of noble deeds  
Cries shame upon the idle and the vile,  
And keeps the heart of Man forever up  
To the heroic level of old time.  
To be forgot at first is little pain  
To a heart conscious of such high intent  
As must be deathless on the lips of men ;  
But, having been a name, to sink and be  
A something which the world can do without,  
Which, having been or not, would never change  
The lightest pulse of fate, — this is indeed  
A cup of bitterness the worst to taste.

PROMETHEUS.

---

## MARCH 6.

Setting entirely aside the effect of this church upon the imagination, it is wonderful, if one consider it only materially. Michael Angelo created a new world in which everything was colossal, and it might seem that he built this as a fit temple for those gigantic figures with which he peopled it to worship in. Here his Moses should be high-priest, the service should be chanted by his prophets and sibyls, and those great pagans should be brought hither from San Lorenzo in Florence, to receive baptism.

A FEW BITS OF ROMAN MOSAIC.

MARCH 5.



MARCH 6.

Michael Angelo Buonarotti, 1475; Gerrit Smith, 1797;  
Sir Charles Napier, 1786.

## MARCH 7.

Flawless his heart and tempered to the core  
Who, beckoned by the forward-leaning wave,  
First left behind him the firm-footed shore,  
And, urged by every nerve of sail and oar,  
Steered for the Unknown which gods to mortals  
gave :

. . . . .  
High-hearted surely he ;  
But bolder they who first off-cast  
Their moorings from the habitable Past  
And ventured chartless on the sea  
Of storm-engendering Liberty :  
For all earth's width of waters is a span,  
And their convulsed existence mere repose,  
Matched with the unstable heart of man,  
Shoreless in wants, mist-girt in all it knows,  
Open to every wind of sect or clan,  
And sudden-passionate in ebbs and flows.

AN ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1876.

---

## MARCH 8.

It is so delightful to meet a man who knows just what you do *not*. Nay, I think the tired mind finds something in plump ignorance like what the body feels in cushiony moss. Talk of the sympathy of kindred pursuits ! It is the sympathy of the upper and nether millstones, both forever grinding the same grist, and wearing each other smooth.

IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

MARCH 7.

Stephen Hopkins, 1707.



MARCH 8.



## MARCH 9.

Freedom is recreated year by year,  
In hearts wide open on the Godward side,  
In souls calm-cadenced as the whirling sphere,  
In minds that sway the future like a tide.  
No broadest creeds can hold her, and no codes ;  
She chooses men for her august abodes,  
Building them fair and fronting to the dawn ;  
Yet, when we seek her, we but find a few  
Light footprints, leading morn-ward through the  
dew :  
Before the day had risen, she was gone.

FREEDOM.

---

## MARCH 10.

German learning, like the elephants of Pyrrhus, is always in danger of turning upon what it was intended to adorn and reinforce, and trampling it ponderously to death. And yet what do we not owe it ? Mastering all languages, all records of intellectual man, it has been able, or has enabled others, to strip away the husks of nationality and conventionalism from the literatures of many races, and to disengage that kernel of human truth which is the germinating principle of them all. Nay, it has taught us to recognize also a certain value in those very husks, whether as shelter for the unripe or food for the fallen seed.

LESSING.

**MARCH 9.**



**MARCH 10.**

**F. K. W. Schlegel, 1772.**

## MARCH 11.

Wing-footed ! thou abid'st with him  
Who asks it not ; but he who hath  
Watched o'er the waves thy waning path,  
Shall nevermore behold returning  
Thy high-heaped canvas shoreward yearning !  
Thou first reveal'st to us thy face  
Turned o'er the shoulder's parting grace,  
A moment glimpsed, then seen no more, —  
Thou whose swift footsteps we can trace  
Away from every mortal door.

ODE TO HAPPINESS.

---

## MARCH 12.

It is good to retreat now and then beyond earshot of the introspective confidences of modern literature, and to lose ourselves in the gracious worldliness of Chaucer. Here was a healthy and hearty man, so genuine that he need not ask whether he were genuine or no, so sincere as quite to forget his own sincerity, so truly pious that he could be happy in the best world that God chose to make, so humane that he loved even the foibles of his kind. Here was a truly epic poet, without knowing it, who did not waste time in considering whether his age were good or bad, but quietly taking it for granted as the best that ever was or could be for *him*, has left us such a picture of contemporary life as no man ever painted.

CHAUCER.

MARCH 11.

---

MARCH 12.

### MARCH 13.

“ Rough are the steps, slow-hewn in flintiest rock,  
States climb to power by ; slippery those with gold  
Down which they stumble to eternal mock :  
No chafferer’s hand shall long the sceptre hold,  
Who, given a Fate to shape, would sell the block.

“ We sing old Sagas, songs of weal and woe,  
Mystic because too cheaply understood ;  
Dark sayings are not ours ; men hear and know,  
See Evil weak, see strength alone in Good,  
Yet hope to stem God’s fire with walls of tow.”

THE WASHERS OF THE SHROUD.

---

### MARCH 14.

I ’m older ’n you, an’ I ’ve seen things an’ men  
An’ *my* experunce — tell ye wut it ’s ben.  
Folks thet worked thorough was the ones thet  
    thriv,  
But bad work follers ye ez long ’s ye live ;  
You can’t git red on’t ; jest ez sure ez sin,  
It’s ollers askin’ to be done agin.

. . . . .  
Wal, don’t give up afore the ship goes down :  
It’s a stiff gale, but Providence wun’t drown ;  
An’ God wun’t leave us yit to sink or swim,  
Ef we don’t fail to du wut’s right by Him.

MASON AND SLIDELL: A YANKEE IDYLL.

MARCH 13.

---

MARCH 14.

## MARCH 15.

Practical application is the only mordant which will set things in the memory. Study, without it, is gymnastics, and not work, which alone will get intellectual bread. One learns more metaphysics from a single temptation than from all the philosophers.

A MOOSEHEAD JOURNAL.

Mishaps are like knives, that either serve us or cut us, as we grasp them by the blade or the handle.

CAMBRIDGE THIRTY YEARS AGO.

They have half-way conquered Fate  
Who go half-way to meet her.

A GLANCE BEHIND THE CURTAIN.



## MARCH 16.

It is not without reason that fame is awarded only after death. The dust-cloud of notoriety which follows and envelopes the men who drive with the wind bewilders contemporary judgment.

LESSING.

All true whole men succeed ; for what is worth  
Success's name, unless it be the thought,  
The inward surety, to have carried out  
A noble purpose to a noble end,  
Although it be the gallows or the block ?  
'T is only Falsehood that doth ever need  
These outward shows of gain to bolster her.

A GLANCE BEHIND THE CURTAIN.



MARCH 15.

---

MARCH 16.

## MARCH 17.

Parnassus has two peaks ; the one where improving poets cluster ; the other where the singer of deep secrets sits alone, — a peak veiled sometimes from the whole morning of a generation by earth-born mists and smoke of kitchen fires, only to glow the more consciously at sunset, and after hightfall to crown itself with imperishable stars.

WORDSWORTH.

---

## MARCH 18.

The bird I list hath never come  
Within the scope of mortal ear ;  
My prying step would make him dumb,  
And the fair tree, his shelter, sear.

Behind the hill, behind the sky,  
Behind my inmost thought, he sings ;  
No feet avail ; to hear it nigh,  
The song itself must lend the wings.

Sing on, sweet bird close hid, and raise  
Those angel stairways in my brain,  
That climb from these low-vaulted days  
To spacious sunshines far from pain.

Sing when thou wilt, enchantment fleet,  
I leave thy covert haunt untrod,  
And envy Science not her feat  
To make a twice-told tale of God.

THE FOOT-PATH.

MARCH 17.

---

MARCH 18.

## MARCH 19.

The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he give *himself* for a principle. Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away ; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him. From that sincerity his words gain the force and pertinency of deeds, and his money is no longer the pale drudge 'twixt man and man, but, by a beautiful magic, what erewhile bore the image and superscription of Cæsar seems now to bear the image and superscription of God.

ROUSSEAU AND THE SENTIMENTALISTS.

---

## MARCH 20.

Some day the soft Ideal that we wooed  
Confronts us fiercely, foe-beset, pursued,  
And cries reproachful : " Was it, then, my praise,  
And not myself was loved ? Prove now thy truth ;  
I claim of thee the promise of thy youth ;  
Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase,  
The victim of thy genius, not its mate ! "

HARVARD COMMEMORATION ODE.

New occasions teach new duties ; Time makes an-  
cient good uncouth ;  
They must upward still, and onward, who would  
keep abreast of Truth.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

MARCH 19.



MARCH 20.

## MARCH 21.

It is curious for one who studies the action and reaction of national literatures on each other, to see the humor of Swift and Sterne and Fielding, after filtering through Richter, reappear in Carlyle with a tinge of Germanism that makes it novel, alien, or even displeasing, as the case may be, to the English mind. Unhappily the bit of *mother* from Swift's vinegar-barrel has had strength enough to sour all the rest. The whimsicality of "Tristram Shandy," which, even in the original, has too often the effect of forethought, becomes a deliberate artifice in Richter, and at last a mere mannerism in Carlyle.

CARLYLE.

---

## MARCH 22.

"In many climes, without avail,  
Thou has spent thy life for the Holy Grail ;  
Behold, it is here, — this cup which thou  
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now ;  
This crust is my body broken for thee,  
This water His blood that died on the tree ;  
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,  
In whatso we share with another's need ;  
Not what we give, but what we share, —  
For the gift without the giver is bare ;  
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three, —  
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL,

MARCH 21.

Jean Paul Richter, 1763; Robert Bruce, 1274; Sebastian  
Bach, 1605.

---

MARCH 22.



### MARCH 23.

Through aisles of long-drawn centuries  
My spirit walks in thought,  
And to that symbol lifts its eyes  
Which God's own pity wrought ;  
From Calvary shines the altar's gleam,  
The Church's East is there,  
The Ages one great minster seem,  
That throbs with praise and prayer.

And all the way from Calvary down  
The carven pavement shows  
Their graves who won the martyr's crown  
And safe in God repose ;  
The saints of many a warring creed  
Who now in heaven have learned  
That all paths to the Father lead  
Where Self the feet have spurned.

GODMINSTER CHIMES.

---

### MARCH 24.

Heaven is not mounted to on wings of dreams,  
Nor doth the unthankful happiness of youth  
Aim thitherward, but floats from bloom to bloom,  
With earth's warm patch of sunshine well content ;  
'T is sorrow builds the shining ladder up,  
Whose golden rounds are our calamities,  
Whereon our firm feet planting, nearer God  
The spirit climbs, and hath its eyes unsealed.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND'S CHILD.

MARCH 23.  
Good Friday, 1883.

---

MARCH 24.

## MARCH 25.

O chime of sweet Saint Charity,  
Peal soon that Easter morn  
When Christ for all shall risen be,  
And in all hearts new-born !  
That Pentecost when utterance clear  
To all men shall be given,  
When all shall say *My Brother* here,  
And hear *My Son* in heaven !

GODMINSTER CHIME.

---

## MARCH 26.

The hope of Truth grows stronger, day by day ;  
I hear the soul of Man around me waking,  
Like a great sea, its frozen fetters breaking,  
And flinging up to heaven its sunlit spray,  
Tossing huge continents in scornful play,  
And crushing them, with din of grinding thunder,  
That makes old emptinesses stare in wonder ;  
The memory of a glory passed away  
Lingers in every heart, as, in the shell,  
Resounds the bygone freedom of the sea,  
And every hour new signs of promise tell,  
That the great soul shall once again be free,  
For high, and yet more high, the murmurs swell  
Of inward strife for truth and liberty.

SUB PONDERE CRESCIT.

**MARCH 25.**  
**Easter Day, 1883.**

---

**MARCH 26.**

## MARCH 27.

The divine reason must forever manifest itself anew in the lives of men, and that as individuals. This atonement with God, this identification of the man with the truth, so that right action shall not result from the lower reason of utility, but from the higher of a will so purified of self as to sympathize by instinct with the eternal laws, is not something that can be done once for all, that can become historic and traditional, a dead flower pressed between the leaves of the family Bible, but must be renewed in every generation, and in the soul of every man, that it may be valid.

DANTE.

---

## MARCH 28.

Peace is more strong than war, and gentleness,  
Where force were vain, makes conquest o'er the  
wave ;  
And love lives on and hath a power to bless,  
When they who loved are hidden in the grave.

The sculptured marble brags of death-strewn fields  
And Glory's epitaph is writ in blood ;  
But Alexander now to Plato yields,  
Clarkson will stand where Wellington hath stood.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF DR. CHANNING.

MARCH 27.

---

MARCH 28.

Thomas Clarkson, 1760; Saint Theresa, 1515; Henry R.  
Schoolcraft, 1793.

## MARCH 29.

No man can read the "Faery Queen" and be anything but the better for it. Through that rude age, when Maids of Honor drank beer for breakfast and Hamlet could say a gross thing to Ophelia, he passes serenely abstracted and high, the Don Quixote of poets. Whoever can endure unmixed delight, whoever can tolerate music and painting and poetry all in one, whoever wishes to be rid of thought and to let the busy anvils of the brain be silent for a time, let him read in the "Faery Queen." There is the land of pure heart's ease, where no ache or sorrow of spirit can enter.

SPENSER.

---

## MARCH 30.

We see but half the causes of our deeds,  
Seeking them wholly in the outer life,  
And heedless of the encircling spirit-world,  
Which, though unseen, is felt, and sows in us  
All germs of pure and world-wide purposes.  
From one stage of our being to the next  
We pass unconscious o'er a slender bridge,  
The momentary work of unseen hands,  
Which crumbles down behind us; looking back,  
We see the other shore, the gulf between,  
And, marvelling how we won to where we stand,  
Content ourselves to call the builder Chance.

A GLANCE BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

MARCH 29.



MARCH 30.



## MARCH 31.

Slow are the steps of Freedom, but her feet  
Turn never backward : hers no bloody glare ;  
Her light is calm, and innocent, and sweet,  
And where it enters there is no despair :  
Not first on palace and cathedral spire  
Quivers and gleams that unconsuming fire ;  
While these stand black against her morning  
skies,  
The peasant sees it leap from peak to peak  
Along his hills ; the craftsman's burning eyes  
Own with cool tears its influence mother-meek ;  
It lights the poet's heart up like a star ;  
**Ah !** while the tyrant deemed it still afar,  
And twined with golden threads his futile snare,  
That swift, convicting glow all round him ran ;  
'T was close beside him there,  
Sunrise whose Memnon is the soul of man.

ODE TO FRANCE.

MARCH 31.

BUT when the eastern blow, with rain aslant,  
From mid-sea's prairies green and rolling plains  
Drives in his wallowing herds of billows gaunt,  
And the roused Charles remembers in his veins  
Old Ocean's blood and snaps his gyves of  
frost,  
That tyrannous silence on the shores is tost  
In dreary wreck, and crumbling desolation reigns.

Edgewise or flat, in Druid-like device,  
With leaden pools between or gullies bare,  
The blocks lie strewn, a bleak Stonehenge of  
ice ;  
No life, no sound, to break the grim despair  
Save sullen plunge, as through the sedges stiff  
Down crackles riverward some thaw-sapped  
cliff,  
Or when the close-wedged fields of ice crunch here  
and there.

AN INDIAN-SUMMER REVERIE.





## April.

---

I KNOW not how it is with other men,  
Whom I but guess, deciphering myself ;  
For me, once felt is so felt nevermore.  
The fleeting relish at sensation's brim  
Had in it the best ferment of the wine.  
One spring I knew as never any since :  
All night the surges of the warm southwest  
Boomed intermittent through the shuddering elms,  
And brought a morning from the Gulf adrift,  
Omnipotent with sunshine, whose quick charm  
Startled with crocuses the sullen turf  
And wiled the bluebird to his whiff of song.

THE CATHEDRAL.

## APRIL 1.

Aprul 's come back ; the swellin' buds of oak  
Dim the fur hillsides with a purplish smoke ;  
The brooks are loose an', singing to be seen,  
(Like gals,) make all the hollers soft an' green ;  
The birds are here, for all the season 's late ;  
'They take the sun's height an' don' never wait ;  
Soon 'z he officially declares it 's spring  
Their light hearts lift 'em on a north'ard wing,  
An' th' ain't an acre, fur ez you can hear,  
Can't by the music tell the time o' year.

MR. HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH IN MARCH MEETING.

---

## APRIL 2.

The opening of the first grammar-school was the opening of the first trench against monopoly in church and state ; the first row of trammels and pot-hooks which the little Shearjashubs and Elkanahs blotted and blubbered across their copy-books, was the preamble to the Declaration of Independence.

NEW ENGLAND TWO CENTURIES AGO.

The true ideal is not opposed to the real, nor is it any artificial heightening thereof, but lies *in* it, and blessed are the eyes that find it ! It is the *mens divini*or which hides within the actual, transfiguring matter-of-fact into matter-of-meaning for him who has the gift of second-sight.

SHAKESPEARE ONCE MORE.

APRIL 1.



APRIL 2.

Thomas Jefferson, 1743; Hans Christian Andersen, 1805 ;  
Charlemagne, 742.



### APRIL 3.

Such poems as those of Herbert, composed in the upper chambers of the soul that open toward the sun's rising.

LIBRARY OF OLD AUTHORS.

What ! Irving ? thrice welcome, warm heart and fine brain

You bring back the happiest spirit from Spain,  
And the gravest sweet humor, that ever were there  
Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair.

A FABLE FOR CRITICS.



### APRIL 4.

These rugged, wintry days I scarce could bear,  
Did I not know, that, in the early spring,  
When wild March winds upon their errands sing,  
Thou wouldst return, bursting on this still air,  
Like those same winds, when, startled from their  
lair,

They hunt up violets, and free swift brooks  
From icy cares, even as thy clear looks  
Bid my heart bloom, and sing, and break all care :  
When drops with welcome rain the April day,  
My flowers shall find their April in thine eyes,  
Save there the rain in dreamy clouds doth stay,  
As loath to fall out of those happy skies ;  
Yet sure, my love, thou art most like to May,  
That comes with steady sun when April dies.

IN ABSENCE.

APRIL 3.

George Herbert, 1593 ; Washington Irving, 1783.

---

APRIL 4.

## APRIL 5.

It is when the sentimentalist turns preacher of morals that we investigate his character, and are justified in so doing. He may express as many and as delicate shades of feeling as he likes, — for this the sensibility of his organization perfectly fits him, no other person could do it so well, — but the moment he undertakes to establish his feeling as a rule of conduct, we ask at once how far are his own life and deed in accordance with what he preaches? For every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action ; and that while tenderness of feeling and susceptibility to generous emotions are accidents of temperament, goodness is an achievement of the will and a quality of the life.

ROUSSEAU AND THE SENTIMENTALISTS.

---

## APRIL 6.

No mortal ever dreams  
That the scant isthmus he encamps upon  
Between two oceans, one, the Stormy, passed,  
And one, the Peaceful, yet to venture on,  
Has been that future whereto prophets yearned  
For the fulfilment of Earth's cheated hope,  
Shall be that past which nerveless poets moan  
As the lost opportunity of song.

THE CATHEDRAL.

APRIL 5.

---

APRIL 6

## APRIL 7.

If Wordsworth sometimes puts the trumpet to his lips, yet he lays it aside soon and willingly for his appropriate instrument, the pastoral reed. And it is not one that grew by any vulgar stream, but that which Apollo breathed through, tending the flocks of Admetus, — that which Pan endowed with every melody of the visible universe, — the same in which the soul of the despairing nymph took refuge and gifted with her dual nature, — so that ever and anon, amid the notes of human joy or sorrow, there comes suddenly a deeper and almost awful tone, thrilling us into dim consciousness of a forgotten divinity.

WORDSWORTH.

Thou livest in the life of all good things ;

What words thou spak'st for Freedom shall not  
die ;

Thou sleepest not, for now thy Love hath wings

To soar where hence thy Hope could hardly fly.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF DR. CHANNING.

---

## APRIL 8.

The busy world shoves angrily aside

The man who stands with arms akimbo set,

Until occasion tells him what to do ;

And he who waits to have his task marked out

Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.

A GLANCE BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

APRIL 7.

William Wordsworth, 1770; William Ellery Channing, 1780;  
St. Francis Xavier, 1506.

---

APRIL 8.

## APRIL 9.

The old court-house stood then upon the square.  
It has shrunk back out of sight now, and students  
box and fence where Parsons once laid down the  
law, and Ames and Dexter showed their skill in the  
fence of argument. CAMBRIDGE THIRTY YEARS AGO.

Three roots bear up Dominion: Knowledge,  
Will, —

These twain are strong, but stronger yet the  
third, —

Obedience, — 't is the great tap-root that still,  
Knit round the rock of Duty, is not stirred,  
Though Heaven-loosed tempests spend their ut-  
most skill. THE WASHERS OF THE SHROUD.



## APRIL 10.

Not only around our infancy  
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie  
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot  
We Sinais climb and know it not.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

They are slaves who will not choose  
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think;  
They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.

STANZAS ON FREEDOM

APRIL 9.

Fisher Ames, 1758.



APRIL 10.



## APRIL 11.

We have been compelled to see what was weak in democracy as well as what was strong. We have begun obscurely to recognize that things do not go of themselves, and that popular government is not in itself a panacea, is no better than any other form except as the virtue and wisdom of the people make it so, and that when men undertake to do their own kingship, they enter upon the dangers and responsibilities as well as the privileges of the function.

ON A CERTAIN CONDESCENSION IN FOREIGNERS.

No mortle man can boast of perfic' vision,  
But the one moleblin' thing is Indecision,  
An' th' ain't no futur' for the man nor state  
Thet out of j-u-s-t can't spell great.

MR. HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH IN MARCH MEETING.

---

## APRIL 12.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment  
to decide,  
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good  
or evil side ;  
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering  
each the bloom or blight,  
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep  
upon the right,  
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness  
and that light.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

APRIL 11.

—◆—  
APRIL 12.

### APRIL 13.

Guvener B. is a sensible man ;  
He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks ;  
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,  
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes ;  
But John P.  
Robinson he  
Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

My ! aint it terrible ? Wut shall we du ?  
We can't never choose him o' course, — thet's flat ;  
Guess we shall hev to come round, (don't you ?)  
An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that ;  
Fer John P.  
Robinson he  
Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS.

---

### APRIL 14.

One has not far to seek for book-nature, artist-nature, every variety of superinduced nature, in short, but genuine human-nature is hard to find. And how good it is ! Wholesome as a potato, fit company for any dish. The freemasonry of cultivated men is agreeable, but artificial, and I like better the natural grip with which manhood recognizes manhood.

IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

APRIL 13.

George N. Briggs, 1796.



APRIL 14.

## APRIL 15.

Sure the dumb earth hath memory, nor for naught  
Was Fancy given, on whose enchanted loom  
Present and Past commingle, fruit and bloom  
Of one fair bough, inseparably wrought  
Into the seamless tapestry of thought.  
So charmed, with undeluded eye we see  
In history's fragmentary tale  
Bright clews of continuity,  
Learn that high natures over Time prevail,  
And feel ourselves a link in that entail  
That binds all ages past with all that are to be.

UNDER THE OLD ELM

---

## APRIL 16.

Four weeks they sailed, a speck in sky-shut seas,  
Life, where was never life that knew itself,  
But tumbled lubber-like in blowing whales ;  
Thought, where the like had never been before  
Since Thought primeval brooded the abyss ;  
Alone as men were never in the world.  
They saw the icy foundlings of the sea,  
White cliffs of silence, beautiful by day,  
Or looming, sudden-perilous, at night  
In monstrous hush ; or sometimes in the dark  
The waves broke ominous with paly gleams  
Crushed by the prow in sparkles of cold fire.

THE VOYAGE TO VINLAND.

## APRIL 15.

J. L. Motley, 1814; Sir J. C. Ross, 1800; Henry Highland Garnet, 1815.

---

## APRIL 16.

Sir John Franklin, 1786; Louis Adolphe Thiers, 1797.

## APRIL 17.

Be noble ! and the nobleness that lies  
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,  
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own ;  
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes,  
Then will pure light around thy path be shed,  
And thou wilt nevermore be sad and lone.

SONNET 4.

---

## APRIL 18.

In this homely nature [the Saxon] the idea of God, and of a simple and direct relation between the All-Father and his children, is deeply rooted. There, above all, will he have honesty and simplicity ; less than anything else will he have the sacramental wafer, — that beautiful emblem of our dependence on Him who giveth the daily bread ; less than anything will he have this smeared with that Barmecide butter of fair words. This is the lovely and noble side of his character. Indignation at this will make him forget crops and cattle ; and this, after so many centuries, will give him at last a poet in the monk of Eisleben, who shall cut deep on the memory of mankind that brief creed of conscience, — “ Here am I. God help me : I cannot otherwise.” This, it seems to me, with dogged sense of iustice, . . . makes the beauty of the Saxon nature

CHAUCER.

APRIL 17.



APRIL 18.

Luther before the Diet of Worms, 1521.



## APRIL 19.

Here English law and English thought  
'Gainst the self-will of England fought ;  
And here were men (coequal with their fate),  
Who did great things, unconscious they were great  
They dreamed not what a die was cast  
With that first answering shot ; what then ?  
There was their duty ; they were men  
Schooled the soul's inward gospel to obey,  
Though leading to the lion's den.

. . . . .  
Thrice venerable spot !  
River more fateful than the Rubicon !  
O'er those red planks, to snatch her diadem,  
Man's Hope, star-girdled, sprang with them,  
And over ways untried the feet of Doom strode on.

ODE READ AT CONCORD, APRIL 19, 1875.

---

## APRIL 20.

Men's monuments, grown old, forget their names  
They should eternize, but the place  
Where shining souls have passed imbibes a grace  
Beyond mere earth ; some sweetness of their fames  
Leaves in the soil its unextinguished trace,  
Pungent, pathetic, sad with nobler aims,  
That penetrates our lives and heightens them or  
shames.

UNDER THE OLD ELM.

APRIL 19.

Lexington and Concord, 1775; Roger Sherman, 1721.

---

APRIL 20.

## APRIL 21.

Dante represents the justice of God, and Chaucer his loving-kindness. If there is anything that may properly be called satire in the one, it is like a blast of the divine wrath, before which the wretches cower and tremble, which rends away their cloaks of hypocrisy and their masks of worldly propriety, and leaves them shivering in the cruel nakedness of their shame. The satire of the other is genial with the broad sunshine of humor, into which the victims walk forth with a delightful unconcern, laying aside of themselves the disguises that seem to make them uncomfortably warm, till they have made a thorough betrayal of themselves so unconsciously that we almost pity while we laugh. CHAUCER.

---

## APRIL 22.

'T were no hard task, perchance, to win  
The popular laurel for my song ;  
'T were only to comply with sin,  
And own the crown, though snatched by wrong :  
Rather Truth's chaplet let me wear,  
Though sharp as death its thorns may sting ;  
Loyal to Loyalty, I bear  
No badge but of my rightful king.

TWO SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF BLONDEL.

APRIL 21.



APRIL 22.

## APRIL 23.

Men go about to prove the existence of a God !  
Was it a bit of phosphorus, that brain whose crea-  
tions are so real, that, mixing with them, we feel as  
if we ourselves were but fleeting magic-lantern  
shadows ?

But higher even than the genius we rate the char-  
acter of this unique man, and the grand imperson-  
ality of what he wrote. What has he told us of  
himself ? In our self-exploiting nineteenth century,  
with its melancholy liver-complaint, how serene and  
high he seems ! If he had sorrows, he has made  
them the woof of everlasting consolation to his  
kind ; and if, as poets are wont to whine, the out-  
ward world was cold to him, its biting air did but  
trace itself in loveliest frost-work of fancy on the  
many windows of that self-centred and cheerful  
soul.

SHAKESPEARE ONCE MORE.

---

## APRIL 24.

I grieve not that ripe Knowledge takes away  
The charm that Nature to my childhood wore,  
For, with that insight, cometh, day by day,  
A greater bliss than wonder was before ;  
The real doth not clip the poet's wings, —  
To win the secret of a weed's plain heart  
Reveals some clew to spiritual things,  
And stumbling guess becomes firm-footed art.

SONNET 25.

**APRIL 23.**

Shakespeare, 1564; J. M. W. Turner, 1775; J. A. Froude,  
1818.



**APRIL 24.**

## APRIL 25.

It was the drums of Naseby and Dunbar that gathered the minute-men on Lexington Common ; it was the red dint of the axe on Charles's block that marked One in our era.

NEW ENGLAND TWO CENTURIES AGO.

So they two turned together ; one to die,  
Fighting for freedom on the bloody field ;  
The other, far more happy, to become  
A name earth wears forever next her heart :  
One of the few that have a right to rank  
With the true Makers : for his spirit wrought  
Order from Chaos ; proved that right divine  
Dwelt only in the excellence of truth ;  
And far within old Darkness' hostile lines  
Advanced and pitched the shining tents of Light.

A GLANCE BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

---

## APRIL 26.

In spite of the proverb, great effects do not follow from small causes, — that is, disproportionately small, — but from adequate causes acting under certain required conditions. To contrast the size of the oak with that of the parent acorn, as if the poor seed had paid all costs from its slender strong-box, may serve for a child's wonder ; but the real miracle lies in that divine league which bound all the forces of nature to the service of the tiny germ in fulfilling its destiny.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

APRIL 25.

Oliver Cromwell, 1599; William the Silent, 1533.



APRIL 26.



## APRIL 27.

Land of the Magyars ! though it be  
The tyrant may relink his chain,  
Already thine the victory,  
As the just Future measures gain.

Thou hast succeeded, thou hast won  
The deathly travail's amplest worth ;  
A nation's duty thou hast done,  
Giving a hero to our earth.

KOSSUTH.

For nature's forces with obedient zeal  
Wait on the rooted faith and oaken will ;  
As quickly the pretender's cheat they feel,  
And turn mad Pucks to flout and mock him still.

THE OAK.

---

## APRIL 28.

The man of talents possesses them like so many tools, does his job with them, and there an end ; but the man of genius is possessed by it, and it makes him into a book or a life according to its whim. Talent takes the existing moulds, and makes its castings, better or worse, of richer or baser metal, according to knack and opportunity ; but genius is always shaping new ones, and runs the man in them, so that there is always that human feel in its results which gives us a kindred thrill.

CAMBRIDGE THIRTY YEARS AGO.

APRIL 27.

Louis Kossuth, 1802; Samuel F. B. Morse, 1791.



APRIL 28.

## APRIL 29.

Large chestnut-trees lean every way on the steep sides of the hills above us, and at every opening we could see great stretches of Campagna rolling away and away toward the bases of purple mountains streaked with snow. The sides of the road were drifted with heaps of wild hawthorn and honeysuckle in full bloom, and bubbling with innumerable nightingales that sang unseen. Overhead the sunny sky tinkled with larks, as if the frost in the air were breaking up and whirling away on the swollen currents of spring.

ITALY.

---

## APRIL 30.

Spring is a fickle mistress, who either does not know her own mind, or is so long in making it up, whether you shall have her or not have her, that one gets tired at last of her pretty miffs and reconciliations. You go to her to be cheered up a bit, and ten to one catch her in the sulks, expecting you to find enough good-humor for both.

A GOOD WORD FOR WINTER.

Though I own up I like our back'ard springs  
Thet kind o' haggle with their greens an' things,  
An' when you 'most give up, 'ithout more words  
Toss the fields full o' blossoms, leaves, an' birds :  
Thet's Northun natur', slow an' apt to doubt,  
But when it *doos* git stirred, ther' 's no gin-out !

SUNTHIN' IN THE PASTORAL LINE

APRIL 29.

---

APRIL 30.

'fore long the trees begin to show belief, —  
The maple crimsons to a coral-reef,  
Then saffern swarms swing off from all the willers  
So plump they look like yaller caterpillars,  
Then gray hossches'nuts leetle hands unfold  
Softer 'n a baby's be at three days old :  
Thet's robin-redbreast's almanick ; he knows  
Thet arter this ther' 's only blossom-snows ;  
So, choosin' out a handy crotch an' spouse,  
He goes to plast'rin' his adobë house.

Then seems to come a hitch, — things lag behind,  
Till some fine mornin' Spring makes up her mind,  
An' ez, when snow-swelled rivers cresh their dams  
Heaped-up with ice thet dovetails in an' jams,  
A leak comes spirtin' thru some pin-hole cleft,  
Grows stronger, fercer, tears out right an' left,  
Then all the waters bow themselves an' come,  
Suddin, in one gret slope o' shedderin' foam,  
Jes' so our Spring gits everythin' in tune  
An' gives one leap from April into June.

132







## May.

---

### TO THE DANDELION.

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the way:  
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,  
First pledge of blithesome May,  
Which children pluck, and, full of pride uphold,  
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they  
An Eldorado in the grass have found,  
Which not the rich earth's ample round  
May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me  
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow  
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,  
Nor wrinkled the lean brow  
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease ;  
'T is the Spring's largess, which she scatters now  
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,  
Though most hearts never understand  
To take it at God's value, but pass by  
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.



## MAY 1.

O little city-gals, don't never go it  
Blind on the word o' noospaper or poet !  
They 're apt to puff, an' May-day seldom looks  
Up in the country ez it doos in books ;  
They 're no more like than hornets'-nests an' hives,  
Or printed sarmons be to holy lives.  
I, with my trousers perched on cowhide boots,  
Tuggin' my foundered feet out by the roots,  
Hev seen ye come to fling on April's hearse  
Your muslin nosegays from the milliner's,  
Puzzlin' to find dry ground your queen to choose,  
An' dance your throats sore in morocker shoes.

SUNTHIN' IN THE PASTORAL LINB.

---

## MAY 2.

Beauty and Truth, and all that these contain,  
Drop not like ripened fruit about our feet ;  
We climb to them through years of sweat and  
pain ;  
Without long struggle, none did e'er attain  
The downward look from Quiet's blissful seat :  
Though present loss may be the hero's part,  
Yet none can rob him of the victor heart  
Whereby the broad-realmed future is subdued,  
And Wrong, which now insults from triumph's  
car,  
Sending her vulture hope to raven far,  
Is made unwilling tributary of Good.

TO JOHN G. PALFREY.

MAY 1.



MAY 2.

John G. Palfrey, 1796.

### MAY 3.

The drooping sea-weed hears, in night abyssed,  
Far and more far the wave's receding shocks,  
Nor doubts, for all the darkness and the mist,  
That the pale shepherdess will keep her tryst,  
And shoreward lead again her foam-fleeced flocks

For the same wave that rims the Carib shore  
With momentary brede of pearl and gold,  
Goes hurrying thence to gladden with its roar  
Lorn weeds bound fast on rocks of Labrador,  
By love divine on one sweet errand rolled.

SEA-WEED.

---

### MAY 4.

We are fond in this country of what are called self-made men (as if real success could ever be other) ; and this is all very well, provided they make something worth having of themselves. . . . The gist of the matter is, not where a man starts from, but where he comes out. We are glad to have the biography of one who, beginning as a gentleman, kept himself such to the end, — who, with no necessity of labor, left behind him an amount of thoroughly done work such as few have accomplished with the mighty help of hunger. Some kind of pace may be got out of the veriest jade by the near prospect of oats ; but the thorough-bred has the spur in his blood.

A GREAT PUBLIC CHARACTER.

MAY 3.

---

MAY 4.

William H. Prescott, 1796; Horace Mann, 1796; Charles W  
Upham, 1802.

## MAY 5.

May is a pious fraud of the almanac,  
A ghastly parody of real Spring  
Shaped out of snow and breathed with eastern wind;  
Or if, o'er-confident, she trust the date,  
And, with her handful of anemones,  
Herself as shivery, steal into the sun,  
The season need but turn his hour-glass round,  
And Winter suddenly, like crazy Lear,  
Reels back, and brings the dead May in his arms,  
Her budding breasts and wan dislusted front  
With frosty streaks and drifts of his white beard  
All overblown.

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

---

## MAY 6.

Then, warmly walled with books,  
While my wood-fire supplies the sun's defect,  
Whispering old forest-sagas in its dreams,  
I take my May down from the happy shelf  
Where perch the world's rare song-birds in a row,  
Waiting my choice to open with full breast,  
And beg an alms of spring-time ne'er denied  
Indoors by vernal Chaucer, whose fresh woods  
Throb thick with merle and mavis all the year.

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

MAY 5.

—◆—  
MAY 6.

## MAY 7.

Browning has given the best picture of St. Peter's on a festival-day, sketching it with a few verses in his large style. And doubtless it is the scene of the grandest spectacles which the world can see in these latter days. A FEW BITS OF ROMAN MOSAIC.

As the broad ocean endlessly unheaveth,  
With the majestic beating of his heart,  
The mighty tides, whereof its rightful part  
Each sea-wide bay and little weed receiveth, —  
So, through his soul who earnestly believeth,  
Life from the universal Heart doth flow,  
Whereby some conquest of the eternal Woe,  
By instinct of God's nature, he achieveth.

SONNET 24.



## MAY 8.

Each year to ancient friendships adds a ring,  
As to an oak, and precious more and more,  
Without deservingness or help of ours,  
They grow, and, silent, wider spread, each year,  
Their unbought ring of shelter or of shade.  
Sacred to me the lichens on the bark,  
Which Nature's milliners would scrape away ;  
Most dear and sacred every withered limb !  
'T is good to set them early, for our faith  
Pines as we age, and, after wrinkles come,  
Few plant, but water dead ones with vain tears.

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

**MAY 7.**

**Robert Browning, 1812.**



**MAY 8.**



## MAY 9.

Is true Freedom but to break  
Fetters for our own dear sake,  
And, with leathern hearts, forget  
That we owe mankind a debt?  
No ! true freedom is to share  
All the chains our brothers wear,  
And, with heart and hand, to be  
Earnest to make others free !

STANZAS ON FREEDOM.

For manhood is the one immortal thing  
Beneath Time's changeful sky,  
And, where it lightened once, from age to age,  
Men come to learn, in grateful pilgrimage,  
That length of days is knowing when to die.

ODE READ AT CONCORD.

---

## MAY 10.

Simple as it seems, it was a great discovery that the key of knowledge could turn both ways, that it could open, as well as lock, the door of power to the many. The only things a New-Englander was ever locked out of were the jails. It is quite true that our Republic is the heir of the English Commonwealth ; but as we trace events backward to their causes, we shall find it true also, that what made our Revolution a foregone conclusion was that act of the General Court, passed in May, 1647, which established the system of common schools.

NEW ENGLAND TWO CENTURIES AGO.

MAY 9.

John Brown, 1800; Sismondi, 1773.

---

MAY 10.

## MAY 11.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy ;  
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime ;  
The eyes thou givest me  
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time :  
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee  
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment  
In the white lily's breezy tent,  
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first  
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

TO A DANDELION.

---

## MAY 12.

There is something inexpressibly dear to me in these old friendships of a lifetime. . . . I love to bring these aborigines back to the mansuetude they showed to the early voyagers, and before (forgive the involuntary pun) they had grown accustomed to man and knew his savage ways. And they repay your kindness with a sweet familiarity too delicate ever to breed contempt.

MY GARDEN ACQUAINTANCE.

Nor th' airth don't git put out with me,  
Thet love her 'z though she wuz a woman ;  
Why, th' a'n't a bird upon the tree  
But half forgives my bein' human.

MR. HOSEA BIGLOW TO THE EDITOR.

MAY 11.

—◆—  
MAY 12.

## MAY 13.

Those Easter pomps, where the antique world marches visibly before you in gilded mail and crimson doublet, refresh the eyes, and are good so long as they continue to be merely spectacle. But if one thinks for a moment of the servant of the servants of the Lord in cloth of gold, borne on men's shoulders, or of the children receiving the blessing of their Holy Father, with a regiment of French soldiers to protect the father from the children, it becomes a little sad.

A FEW BITS OF ROMAN MOSAIC.



## MAY 14.

Do we not share his indignation at that stupid Martin who had graduated his thermometer no lower than  $4^{\circ}$  above zero of Fahrenheit, so that in the coldest weather ever known the mercury basely absconded into the bulb, and left us to see the victory slip through our fingers just as they were closing upon it? No man, I suspect, ever lived long in the country without being bitten by these meteorological ambitions. He likes to be hotter and colder, to have been more deeply snowed up, to have more trees and larger blown down than his neighbors. With us descendants of the Puritans especially, these weather-competitions supply the abnegated excitement of the race-course.

MY GARDEN ACQUAINTANCE.

**MAY 13.**

**Pius IX., 1792.**



**MAY 14.**

**Fahrenheit, 1686; Timothy Dwight, 1752**

## MAY 15.

Scepticism commonly takes up the room left by defect of imagination, and is the very quality of mind most likely to seek for sensual proof of supersensual things. If one came from the dead, it could not believe ; and yet it longs for such a witness, and will put up with a very dubious one. So long as night is left and the helplessness of dream, the wonderful will not cease from among men. While we are the solitary prisoners of darkness, the witch seats herself at the loom of thought, and weaves strange figures into the web that looks so familiar and ordinary in the dry light of every-day. Just as we are flattering ourselves that the old spirit of sorcery is laid, behold the tables are tipping and the floors drumming all over Christendom.

WITCHCRAFT.

---

## MAY 16.

All thoughts that mould the age begin  
Deep down within the primitive soul,  
And from the many slowly upward win  
To one who grasps the whole :

In his wide brain the feeling deep  
That struggled on the many's tongue  
Swells to a tide of thought, whose surges leap  
O'er the weak thrones of wrong.

AN INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR.

MAY 15.

---

MAY 16.

William H. Seward, 1802.



## MAY 17.

If sometimes I must hear good men debate  
Of other witness of Thyself than Thou,  
As if there needed any help of ours  
To nurse Thy flickering life, that else must cease,  
Blown out, as 't were a candle, by men's breath,  
My soul shall not be taken in their snare,  
To change her inward surety for their doubt  
Muffled from sight in formal robes of proof :  
While she can only feel herself through Thee,  
I fear not Thy withdrawal ; more I fear,  
Seeing, to know Thee not, hoodwinked with dreams  
Of signs and wonders, while, unnoticed, Thou,  
Walking Thy garden still, commun'st with men,  
Missed in the commonplace of miracle.

THE CATHEDRAL

---

## MAY 18.

No man can produce great things who is not thoroughly sincere in dealing with himself, who would not exchange the finest show for the poorest reality, who does not so love his work that he is not only glad to give himself for it, but finds rather a gain than a sacrifice in the surrender.

ROUSSEAU AND THE SENTIMENTALISTS.

I do not fear to follow out the truth,  
Albeit along the precipice's edge.

A GLANCE BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

MAY 17.

---

MAY 18.

## MAY 19.

" To govern men, lo all the spell I had !  
My soul in these rude vestments ever clad  
Still to the unstained past kept true and leal,  
Still on these plains could breathe her mountain air,  
And fortune's heaviest gifts serenely bear,  
Which bend men from their truth and make them  
reel.

" For ruling wisely I should have small skill,  
Were I not lord of simple Dara still ;  
That sceptre kept, I could not lose my way."

DARA



## MAY 20.

We do not believe that Horatio ever thought he "was not a pipe for Fortune's finger to play what stop she please," till Hamlet told him so. That was Fortune's affair, not his ; let her try it, if she liked. He is unconscious of his own peculiar qualities, as men of decision commonly are, or they would not be men of decision. When there is a thing to be done, they go straight at it, and for the time there is nothing for them in the whole universe but themselves and their object. Hamlet, on the other hand, is always studying himself.

SHAKESPEARE ONCE MORE

MAY 19.

—●—  
MAY 20.

MAY 21.

Him who seeking inward guessed  
Diviner riddles than the rest,  
And groping in the darks of thought  
Touched the Great Hand and knew it not.

AGASSIZ.

Great Truths are portions of the soul of man ;  
Great souls are portions of Eternity ;  
Each drop of blood that e'er through true heart ran  
With lofty message, ran for thee and me.

SONNET 6.

---

MAY 22.

Pope had one of the prime qualities of a great poet in exactly answering the intellectual needs of the age in which he lived, and in reflecting its lineaments. He did in some not inadequate sense hold the mirror up to nature. His poetry is not a mountain-tarn, like that of Wordsworth ; it is not in sympathy with the higher moods of the mind ; yet it continues entertaining, in spite of all changes of mode. It was a mirror in a drawing-room, but it gave back a faithful image of society, powdered and rouged, to be sure, and intent on trifles, yet still as human in its own way as the heroes of Homer in theirs.

POPE.

Talent is that which is in a man's power ; genius is that in whose power a man is.

ROUSSEAU AND THE SENTIMENTALISTS.

**MAY 21.**

**Plato, B. C. 429; Stephen Girard, 1750; Elizabeth Fry, 1780.**



**MAY 22.**

**Alexander Pope, 1688; Richard Wagner, 1813.**

## MAY 23.

O Lord Divine, that claspest our tired earth,  
And lullest it upon thy heart,  
Thou knowest how much a gentle soul is worth  
To teach men what thou art !

His was a spirit that to all thy poor  
Was kind as slumber after pain :  
Why ope so soon thy heaven-deep Quiet's door  
And call him home again ?

. . . . .  
Yet thou hast called him, nor art thou unkind,  
O Love Divine, for 't is thy will  
That gracious natures leave their love behind  
To work for Freedom still.

TO THE MEMORY OF HOOD.

---

## MAY 24.

People are apt to confound mere alertness of mind with attention. The one is but the flying abroad of all the faculties to the open doors and windows at every passing rumor ; the other is the concentration of every one of them in a single focus, as in the alchemist over his alembic at the moment of expected projection. Attention is the stuff that memory is made of, and memory is accumulated genius.

LITERARY REMAINS OF THE REV. HOMER WILBUR.

MAY 23.

Thomas Hood, 1798; Margaret Fuller Ossoli, 1810; R. G.  
White, 1822.



MAY 24.

Linnaeus, 1707; Edward Hitchcock, 1773; Victoria, 1819.



## MAY 25.

Search for his eloquence in his books and you will perchance miss it, but meanwhile you will find that it has kindled all your thoughts. . . . If ever there was a standing testimonial to the cumulative power and value of Character (and we need it sadly in these days), we have it in this gracious and dignified presence. What an antiseptic is a pure life !

EMERSON THE LECTURER.

There too the face half-rustic, half-divine  
Self-poised, sagacious, freaked with humor fine,  
Of him who taught us not to mow and mope  
About our fancied selves, but seek our scope  
In Nature's world and Man's, nor fade to hollow  
trope.

AGASSIZ.

---

## MAY 26.

Truth only needs to be for once spoke out,  
And there's such music in her, such strange rhythm,  
As makes men's memories her joyous slaves,  
And clings around the soul, as the sky clings  
Round the mute earth, forever beautiful,  
And, if o'erclouded, only to burst forth  
More all-embracingly divine and clear :  
Get but the truth once uttered, and 't is like  
A star new-born, that drops into its place,  
And which, once circling in its placid round,  
Not all the tumult of the earth can shake.

A GLANCE BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

MAY 25.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1803.



MAY 26.

## MAY 27.

It is for his power of inspiring and sustaining, it is because they find in him a spur to noble aims, a secure refuge in that defeat which the present always seems, that they prize Dante who know and love him best. . . . Almost all other poets have their seasons, but Dante penetrates to the moral core of those who once fairly come within his sphere, and possesses them wholly. His readers turn students, his students zealots, and what was a taste becomes a religion. The homeless exile finds a home in thousands of grateful hearts.

DANTE.

---

## MAY 28.

His magic was not far to seek, —  
He was so human ! whether strong or weak,  
Far from his kind he neither sank nor soared,  
But sate an equal guest at every board :  
No beggar ever felt him condescend,  
Nor prince presume ; for still himself he bare  
At manhood's simple level, and where'er  
He met a stranger, there he left a friend.

. . . . .  
His look wherever its good fortune fell  
Doubled the feast without a miracle,  
And on the hearthstone danced a happier flame ;  
Philemon's crabbed vintage grew benign ;  
Amphitryon's gold-juice humanized to wine.

AGASSIZ.

MAY 27.  
Dante Alighieri, 1265.

---

MAY 28.  
Louis Agassiz, 1807.

MAY 29.

Be to us evermore as thou wast then,  
As we forget thou hast not always been,  
Mother of States and unpolluted men,  
Virginia, fitly named from England's manly queen !

UNDER THE OLD ELM.

---

MAY 30.

I with uncovered head  
Salute the sacred dead,  
Who went, and who return not. — Say not so !  
'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,  
But the high faith that failed not by the way ;  
Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave ;  
No ban of endless night exiles the brave ;  
And to the saner mind  
We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.  
Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow !  
For never shall their aureoled presence lack :

. . . . .  
In every nobler mood  
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,  
Part of our life's unalterable good,  
Of all our saintlier aspiration ;  
They come transfigured back,  
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,  
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays  
Of morn on their white Shields of Expectation !

HARVARD COMMEMORATION ODE.

MAY 29.

Patrick Henry, 1736.



MAY 30.

Decoration Day.

MAY 31.

As sinks the sun behind yon alien hills  
Whose heather-purpled slopes, in glory rolled,  
Flush all my thoughts with momentary gold,  
What pang of vague regret my fancy thrills ?  
Here 't is enchanted ground the peasant tills,  
Where the shy ballad dared its blooms unfold,  
And memory's glamour makes new sights seem old,  
As when our life some vanished dream fulfills ;  
Yet not to thee belong these painless tears,  
Land loved ere seen : before my darkened eyes,  
From far beyond the waters and the years,  
Horizons mute that wait their poet rise ;  
The stream before me fades and disappears,  
And in the Charles the western splendor dies.

ENGLISH BORDER.

MAY 31.



## THE BIRCH-TREE.

RIPPLING through thy branches goes the sunshine,  
Among thy leaves that palpitate forever ;  
Ovid in thee a pining Nymph had prisoned,  
The soul once of some tremulous inland river,  
Quivering to tell her woe, but, ah ! dumb, dumb for-  
ever !

While all the forest, witchèd with slumberous  
moonshine,  
Holds up its leaves in happy, happy silence,  
Waiting the dew, with breath and pulse suspended,  
I hear afar thy whispering, gleamy islands,  
And track thee wakeful still amid the wide-hung  
silence.

. . . . .

Thou art to me like my belovèd maiden,  
So frankly coy, so full of trembly confidences ;  
Thy shadow scarce seems shade, thy pattering leaf-  
lets  
Sprinkle their gathered sunshine o'er my senses,  
And Nature gives me all her summer confidences.

Whether my heart with hope or sorrow tremble,  
Thou sympathizest still ; wild and unquiet,  
I fling me down ; thy ripple, like a river,  
Flows valleyward, where calmness is, and by it  
My heart is floated down into the land of quiet.





## June.

---

FRANK-HEARTED hostess of the field and wood,  
Gypsy, whose roof is every spreading tree,  
June is the pearl of our New England year.  
Still a surprisal, though expected long,  
Her coming startles. Long she lies in wait,  
Makes many a feint, peeps forth, draws coyly back,  
Then, from some southern ambush in the sky,  
With one great gush of blossom storms the world.  
A week ago the sparrow was divine ;  
The bluebird, shifting his light load of song  
From post to post along the cheerless fence,  
Was as a rhymers ere the poet came ;  
But now, O rapture ! sunshine winged and voiced,  
Pipe blown through by the warm wild breath of  
the West  
Shepherding his soft droves of fleecy cloud,  
Gladness of woods, skies, waters, all in one,  
The bobolink has come, and, like the soul  
Of the sweet season vocal in a bird,  
Gurgles in ecstasy we know not what  
Save *June ! dear June ! Now God be praised for  
June.*

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

## JUNE 1.

And what is so rare as a day in June ?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days ;  
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays :  
Whether we look, or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten ;  
Every clod feels a stir of might,  
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
And, groping blindly above it for light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.



## JUNE 2.

Then all comes crowdin' in : afore you think,  
Young oak-leaves mist the side-hill woods with  
pink ;  
The catbird in the laylock-bush is loud ;  
The orchards turn to heaps o' rosy cloud ;  
Red-cedars blossom tu, though few folks know it,  
An' look all dipt in sunshine like a poet ;  
The lime-trees pile their solid stacks o' shade  
An' drows'ly simmer with the bees' sweet trade ;  
In ellum-shrouds the flashin' hangbird clings  
An' for the summer vy'ge his hammock slings ;  
All down the loose-walled lanes in archin' bowers  
The barb'ry droops its strings o' golden flowers.

SUNTHIN' IN THE PASTORAL LINE.

4  
JUNE 1.

—◆—  
JUNE 2.

### JUNE 3.

The robin has a bad reputation among people who do not value themselves less for being fond of cherries. There is, I admit, a spice of vulgarity in him, and his song is rather of the Bloomfield sort, too largely ballasted with prose. . . . But for a' that and twice as muckle 's a' that, I would not exchange him for all the cherries that ever came out of Asia Minor. With whatever faults, he has not wholly forfeited that superiority which belongs to the children of nature. He has a finer taste in fruit than could be distilled from many successive committees of the Horticultural Society, and he eats with a relishing gulp not inferior to Dr. Johnson's.

MY GARDEN ACQUAINTANCE.



### JUNE 4.

From blossom-clouded orchards, far away  
The bobolink tinkled ; the deep meadows flowed  
With multitudinous pulse of light and shade  
Against the bases of the southern hills,  
While here and there a drowsy island rick  
Slept and its shadow slept ; the wooden bridge  
Thundered, and then was silent ; on the roofs  
The sun-warped shingles rippled with the heat ;  
Summer on field and hill, in heart and brain,  
All life washed clean in this high tide of June.

UNDER THE WILLOWS.



JUNE 3.



JUNE 4.



## JUNE 5.

Of all the myriad moods of mind  
That through the soul come thronging,  
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,  
So beautiful as Longing?  
The thing we long for, that we are  
For one transcendent moment,  
Before the Present poor and bare  
Can make its sneering comment.

LONGING.

---

## JUNE 6.

Think you these felt no charms  
In their gray homesteads and embowered farms?  
. . . . .  
Felt they no pang of passionate regret  
For those unsolid goods that seem so much our own?  
These things are dear to every man that lives,  
And life prized more for what it lends than gives.  
Yea, many a tie, by iteration sweet,  
Strove to detain their fatal feet;  
And yet the enduring half they chose,  
Whose choice decides a man life's slave or king,  
The invisible things of God before the seen and  
known :  
Therefore their memory inspiration blows  
With echoes gathering on from zone to zone.

ODE READ AT CONCORD.

**JUNE 5.**

---

**JUNE 6.**

**Nathan Hale, 1755 ; John Trumbull, 1756.**

## JUNE 7.

Now is the high-tide of the year,  
And whatever of life hath ebbd away  
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,  
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay ;  
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,  
We are happy now because God wills it ;  
No matter how barren the past may have been,  
'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green ;  
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well  
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell ;  
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing  
That skies are clear and grass is growing.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

---

## JUNE 8.

—— June's bridesman, poet o' the year,  
Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is here ;  
Half-hid in tip-top apple-blooms he swings,  
Or climbs against the breeze with quiverin' wings,  
Or, givin' way to 't in a mock despair,  
Runs down, a brook o' laughter, thru the air.

SUNTHIN' IN THE PASTORAL LINE.

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,  
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,  
The little birds sang as if it were  
The one day of summer in all the year,  
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

**JUNE 7.**



**JUNE 8.**

**Robert Schumann, 1810.**

## JUNE 9.

The breeze comes whispering in our ear,  
That dandelions are blossoming near,  
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,  
That the river is bluer than the sky,  
That the robin is plastering his house hard by ;  
And if the breeze kept the good news back,  
For other couriers we should not lack ;  
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, —  
And hark ! how clear bold chanticleer,  
Warmed with the new wine of the year,  
Tells all in his lusty crowing !

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

---

## JUNE 10.

Twice have the crow-blackbirds attempted a settlement in my pines, and twice have the robins, who claim a right of preëmption, so successfully played the part of border-ruffians as to drive them away, — to my great regret, for they are the best substitute we have for rooks. . . . Their port is grave, and their stalk across the turf as martial as that of a second-rate ghost in Hamlet.

MY GARDEN ACQUAINTANCE.

One summer hour abides, what time I perched,  
Dappled with noonday, under simmering leaves,  
And pulled the pulpy oxhearts, while aloof  
An oriole clattered and the robins shrilled,  
Denouncing me an alien and a thief.

THE CATHEDRAL.

**JUNE 9.**



**JUNE 10.**

## JUNE 11.

Ben Jonson was a conscientious and intelligent workman, whose plays glow, here and there, with the golden pollen of that poetic feeling with which his age impregnated all thought and expression ; but his leading characteristic, like that of his great namesake, Samuel, was a hearty common sense, which fitted him rather to be a great critic than a great poet.

A LIBRARY OF OLD AUTHORS.

Strong poets of a more outspoken day,

Deep-chested Chapman and firm-footed Ben.

AGASSIZ.

---

## JUNE 12.

He could interpret well the wondrous voices  
Which to the calm and silent spirit come ;  
He knew that the One Soul no more rejoices  
In the star's anthem than the insect's hum.  
He in his heart was ever meek and humble,  
And yet with kingly pomp his numbers ran,  
As he foresaw how all things false should crumble  
Before the free, uplifted soul of man. ODE.

I regret that I killed off Mr. Wilbur so soon, for he would have enabled me to bring into this preface a number of learned quotations, which must now go a-begging, and also enabled me to dispersonalize myself into a vicarious egotism.

INTRODUCTION TO THE BIGLOW PAPERS, SECOND SERIES.

**JUNE 11.**

**Ben Jonson, 1574; Joseph Warren, 1741.**



**JUNE 12.**

**Charles Kingsley, 1819; "Reverend Homer Wilbur, A. M.,"  
1779.**



## JUNE 13.

Times have changed, and manners, since Chief Justice Dana (father of Richard the First, and grandfather of Richard the Second) caused to be arrested for contempt of court a butcher who had come in without a coat to witness the administration of his country's laws, and who thus had his curiosity exemplarily gratified.

CAMBRIDGE THIRTY YEARS AGO.

In June 't is good to lie beneath a tree  
While the blithe season comforts every sense,  
Steeps all the brain in rest, and heals the heart,  
Brimming it o'er with sweetness unawares,  
Fragrant and silent as that rosy snow  
Wherewith the pitying apple-tree fills up  
And tenderly lines some last-year robin's nest.  
There muse I of old times, old hopes, old friends.

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

---

## JUNE 14.

Give to Cæsar what is Cæsar's? yes, but tell me, if  
you can,  
Is this superscription Cæsar's here upon our  
brother man?  
Is not here some other's image, dark and sullied  
though it be,  
In this fellow-soul that worships, struggles God-  
ward even as we?

ANTI-APIS.

**JUNE 13.**

**Francis Dana, 1743 ; Thomas Arnold, 1795.**

---

**JUNE 14.**

**Harriet Beecher Stowe, 1811.**

## JUNE 15.

Great white-topped wagons, each drawn by double files of six or eight horses . . . brought all the wares and products of the country to their mart and seaport in Boston. These filled the inn-yards, or were ranged side by side under broad-roofed sheds, and far into the night the mirth of their lusty drivers clamored from the red-curtained bar-room, while the single lantern, swaying to and fro in the black cavern of the stables, made a Rembrandt of the group of hostlers and horses below.

CAMBRIDGE THIRTY YEARS AGO.

---

## JUNE 16.

The moon shines white and silent  
On the mist, which, like a tide  
Of some enchanted ocean,  
O'er the wide marsh doth glide,  
Spreading its ghost-like billows  
Silently far and wide.

A vague and starry magic  
Makes all things mysteries,  
And lures the earth's dumb spirit  
Up to the longing skies, —  
I seem to hear dim whispers,  
And tremulous replies.

MIDNIGHT.

JUNE 15.

Rembrandt van Ryn, 1606.

---

JUNE 16.

JUNE 17.

The shrilling girls sit here between school hours,  
And play at *What's my thought like?* while the  
boys,

With whom the age chivalric ever bides,  
Pricked on by knightly spur of female eyes,  
Climb high to swing and shout on perilous boughs,  
Or, from the willow's armory equipped  
With musket dumb, green banner, edgeless sword,  
Make good the rampart of their tree-redoubt  
'Gainst eager British storming from below,  
And keep alive the tale of Bunker's Hill.

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

---

JUNE 18.

We saw the elder Corsican,  
And Clotho muttered as she span,  
While crowned lackeys bore the train,  
Of the pinchbeck Charlemagne :  
" Sister, stint not length of thread !  
Sister, stay the scissors dread !  
On Saint Helen's granite bleak,  
Hark, the vulture whets his beak ! "  
Spin, spin, Clotho, spin !  
Lachesis, twist ! and, Atropos, sever !  
In the shadow, year out, year in,  
The silent headsman waits forever.

VILLA FRANCA, 1859

**JUNE 17.**

**St. Botolph; Battle of Bunker Hill, 1775; John Wesley, 1703.**

---

**JUNE 18.**

**Battle of Waterloo, 1815.**

## JUNE 19.

Who that ever saw him can forget him, in his old age, like a lusty winter, frosty but kindly, with great silver spectacles of the heroic period, such as scarce twelve noses of these degenerate days could bear? . . . Fidelity was his strong characteristic, and burned equably in him through a life of eighty-three years. He drilled himself till inflexible habit stood sentinel before all those postern-weaknesses which temperament leaves unbolted to temptation.

CAMBRIDGE THIRTY YEARS AGO.

---

## JUNE 20.

So mused I once within my willow-tent  
One brave June morning, when the bluff northwest,  
Thrusting aside a dank and snuffling day  
That made us bitter at our neighbors' sins,  
Brimmed the great cup of heaven with sparkling  
cheer

And roared a lusty stave; the sliding Charles,  
Blue toward the west, and bluer and more blue,  
Living and lustrous as a woman's eyes  
Look once and look no more, with southward  
curve

Ran crinkling sunniness, like Helen's hair  
Glimpsed in Elysium, insubstantial gold.

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

JUNE 19.

John Snelling Popkin, 1771; Pascal, 1623; C. H. Spurgeon,  
1834.

---

JUNE 20.



## JUNE 21.

The flush of life may well be seen  
Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;  
The cowslip startles in meadows green,  
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,  
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean  
To be some happy creature's palace ;  
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,  
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,  
And lets his illumined being o'errun  
With the deluge of summer it receives ;  
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,  
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and  
sings ;  
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —  
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best ?

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

---

## JUNE 22.

All my birds look upon me as if I were a mere tenant at will, and they were landlords. With shame I confess it, I have been bullied even by a humming-bird. This spring, as I was cleansing a pear-tree of its lichens, one of these little zigzagging blurs came purring toward me, couching his long bill like a lance, his throat sparkling with angry fire, to warn me off from a Missouri-currant whose honey he was sipping. And many a time he has driven me out of a flower-bed.

MY GARDEN ACQUAINTANCE.

JUNE 21.

---

JUNE 22.

## JUNE 23.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us ;  
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,  
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,  
We bargain for the graves we lie in ;  
At the devil's booth are all things sold,  
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold ;  
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,  
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking :  
'T is heaven alone that is given away,  
'T is only God may be had for the asking ;  
No price is set on the lavish summer ;  
June may be had by the poorest comer.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.



## JUNE 24.

All birds during the pairing season become more or less sentimental, and murmur soft nothings in a tone very unlike the grinding-organ repetition and loudness of their habitual song. The crow is very comical as a lover, and to hear him trying to soften his croak to the proper Saint Preux standard has something the effect of a Mississippi boatman quoting Tennyson. Yet there are few things to my ear more melodious than his caw of a clear winter morning, as it drops to you filtered through five hundred fathoms of crisp blue air.

MY GARDEN ACQUAINTANCE.

JUNE 23.



JUNE 24.

## JUNE 25.

Happier to chase a flying goal  
Than to sit counting laurelled gains,  
To guess the Soul within the soul  
Than to be lord of what remains.

Hide still, best Good, in subtile wise,  
Beyond my nature's utmost scope ;  
Be ever absent from mine eyes  
To be twice present in my hope !

THE MINER.

---

## JUNE 26.

Hers all that life could promise or bestow :  
Youth, beauty, love, a crown, the beckoning years ;  
Lids to be pearled with none but joyous tears ;  
A life unsoiled with any vulgar woe,  
And by a nation's swelled to lordlier few :  
What lurking place, we thought, for doubts or fears  
When, a white swan, she swam along the cheers  
Of the Alcalá but five brief months ago ?  
The cannon shouted hymeneals then  
That on her birthday now denounce her doom ;  
The same white steeds, that tossed their scorn of  
men,  
To-day as haughty drag her to the tomb :  
Grim jest of Fate ! yet who dare call it blind  
Who knows what life is, what our human kind ?

MERCEDES.

**JUNE 25.**



**JUNE 26.**

**Mercédes, 1860.**

## JUNE 27.

I care not how men trace their ancestry,  
To ape or Adam ; let them please their whim ;  
But I in June am midway to believe  
A tree among my far progenitors,  
Such sympathy is mine with all the race,  
Such mutual recognition vaguely sweet  
There is between us. Surely there are times  
When they consent to own me of their kin,  
And condescend to me, and call me cousin,  
Murmuring faint lullabies of eldest time,  
Forgotten, and yet dumbly felt with thrills  
Moving the lips, though fruitless of the words.

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

---

## JUNE 28.

What is worthy of especial remark is this, — that in nearly all that he wrote his leading object was the good of his kind, and that through all the vicissitudes of a life which illness, sensibility of temperament, and the approaches of insanity rendered wretched, — the associate of infidels, the foundling child, as it were, of an age without belief, least of all in itself, — he professed and evidently felt deeply a faith in the goodness both of man and God. There is no such thing as scoffing in his writings. On the other hand, there is no stereotyped morality.

ROUSSEAU AND THE SENTIMENTALISTS.

**JUNE 27.**

---

**JUNE 28.**

**I. J. Rousseau, 1712 ; Richard Hildreth, 1807 ; Mazzini, 1808**



JUNE 29.

Look southward for White Island light,  
The lantern stands ninety feet o'er the tide ;

And whenever the weight of ocean is thrown  
Full and fair on White Island head,

A great mist-jotun you will see  
Lifting himself up silently  
High and huge o'er the lighthouse top,  
With hands of wavering spray outspread,  
Groping after the little tower,  
That seems to shrink and shorten and cower,  
Till the monster's arms of a sudden drop,  
And silently and fruitlessly  
He sinks again into the sea.

PICTURES FROM APPLEDORE

---

JUNE 30.

I can recall, nay, they are present still,  
Parts of myself, the perfume of my mind,  
Days that seem farther off than Homer's now,  
Ere yet the child had loudened to the boy,  
And I, recluse, from playmates, found perforce  
Companionship in things that not denied  
Nor granted wholly ; as is Nature's wont,  
Who, safe in uncontaminate reserve,  
Lets us mistake our longing for her love,  
And mocks with various echo of ourselves.

THE CATHEDRAL.

JUNE 29.

Celia Thaxter, 1835 ; Peter Paul Rubens, 1577.

---

JUNE 30.

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how ;  
Everything is happy now,  
    Everything is upward striving ;  
'T is as easy now for the heart to be true  
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue, —  
    'T is the natural way of living :  
Who knows whither the clouds have fled ?  
    In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake ;  
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,  
    The heart forgets its sorrow and ache ;  
The soul partakes the season's youth,  
    And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe  
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,  
    Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.





## July.

---

### AUF WIEDERSEHEN !

#### SUMMER.

THE little gate was reached at last,  
Half hid in lilacs down the lane ;  
She pushed it wide, and, as she past,  
A wistful look she backward cast,  
And said, — “ *Auf wiedersehen !* ”  
With hand on latch, a vision white  
Lingered reluctant, and again  
Half doubting if she did aright,  
Soft as the dews that fell that night,  
She said, — “ *Auf wiedersehen !* ”  
The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair ;  
I linger in delicious pain ;  
Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air  
To breathe in thought I scarcely dare,  
Thinks she, — “ *Auf wiedersehen !* ”  
'T is thirteen years ; once more I press  
The turf that silences the lane ;  
I hear the rustle of her dress,  
I smell the lilacs, and — ah, yes,  
I hear “ *Auf wiedersehen !* ”  
Sweet piece of bashful maiden art !  
The English words had seemed too fain,  
But these — they drew us heart to heart,  
Yet held us tenderly apart ;  
She said, “ *Auf wiedersehen !* ”

## JULY 1.

Ah, in this world, where every guiding thread  
Ends suddenly in the one sure centre, death,  
The visionary hand of Might-have-been  
Alone can fill Desire's cup to the brim !

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND'S CHILD.

Death ever fronts the wise ;  
Not fearfully, but with clear promises  
Of larger life, on whose broad vans upborne,  
Their outlook widens, and they see beyond  
The horizon of the Present and the Past,  
Even to the very source and end of things.

PROMETHEUS.

---

## JULY 2.

Letters have sympathies  
And tell-tale faces that reveal,  
To senses finer than the eyes,  
Their errand's purport ere we break the seal ;  
They wind a sorrow round with circumstance  
To stay its feet, nor all unwarned displace  
The veil that darkened from our sidelong glance  
The inexorable face :  
But now Fate stuns as with a mace ;  
The savage from the skies that men have caught  
And some scant use of language taught,  
Tells only what he must, —  
The steel cold fact in one laconic thrust.

AGASSIZ



JULY 1.



JULY 2.



### JULY 3.

That lifted blade transformed our jangling clans,  
Till then provincial, to Americans,  
And made a unity of wildering plans ;  
Here was the doom fixed : here is marked the date  
When this New World awoke to man's estate,  
Burnt its last ship and ceased to look behind.

UNDER THE OLD ELM.

---

### JULY 4.

To-day her thanks shall fly on every wind,  
Unstinted, unrebuked, from shore to shore,  
One love, one hope, and not a doubt behind !  
Cannon to cannon shall repeat her praise,  
Banner to banner flap it forth in flame ;  
Her children shall rise up to bless her name,  
And wish her harmless length of days,  
The mighty mother of a mighty brood,  
Blessed in all tongues and dear to every blood,  
The beautiful, the strong, and, best of all, the  
good !      ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1876.

He from sympathy still held apart  
By shrinking over-eagerness of heart,  
Cloud charged with searching fire, whose shadow's  
sweep  
Heightened mean things with sense of brooding ill,  
And steeped in doom familiar field and hill, —  
New England's poet, soul reserved and deep,  
November nature with a name of May.      AGASSIZ.

JULY 3.

Washington assumed command of the American Army, 1775.



JULY 4.

Declaration of Independence, 1776; Nathaniel Hawthorne,  
1804.

## JULY 5.

The other day (5th July) I marked 98° in the shade, my high-water mark, higher by one degree than I had ever seen it before. I happened to meet a neighbor ; as we mopped our brows at each other, he told me that he had just cleared 100°, and I went home a beaten man. I had not felt the heat before, save as a beautiful exaggeration of sunshine ; but now it oppressed me with the prosaic vulgarity of an oven. What had been poetic intensity became all at once rhetorical hyperbole. I might suspect his thermometer (as indeed I did, for we Harvard men are apt to think ill of any graduation but our own) ; but it was a poor consolation. The fact remained that his herald Mercury, standing a-tiptoe, could look down on mine.

MY GARDEN ACQUAINTANCE.

---

## JULY 6.

By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding  
feet I track,  
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that  
turns not back,  
And these mounts of anguish number how each  
generation learned  
One new word of that grand *Credo* which in  
prophet-hearts hath burned  
Since the first man stood God-conquered, with his  
face to heaven upturned.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

**JULY 5.**

---

**JULY 6.**

**John Huss, 1373 ; John Paul Jones, 1747 ; John Flaxman,  
1755.**

## JULY 7.

God scatters love on every side  
Freely among his children all,  
And always hearts are lying open wide,  
Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but soweth seeds  
Of a more true and open life,  
Which burst, unlooked for, into high-souled deeds,  
With wayside beauty rife.

AN INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR.



## JULY 8.

Maiden, when such a soul as thine is born,  
The morning-stars their ancient music make,  
And, joyful, once again their song awake,  
Long silent now with melancholy scorn ;  
And thou, not mindless of so blest a morn,  
By no least deed its harmony shalt break,  
But shalt to that high chime thy footsteps take,  
Through life's most darksome passes unforlorn ;  
Therefore from thy pure faith thou shalt not fall,  
Therefore shalt thou be ever fair and free,  
And in thine every motion musical  
As summer air, majestic as the sea,  
A mystery to those who creep and crawl  
Through Time, and part it from Eternity.

TO M. W., ON HER BIRTHDAY.

JULY 7.



JULY 8.

Maria White Lowell, 1821; La Fontaine, 1621; Fitz-Greene  
Halleck, 1790.

JULY 9.

I write of one,  
While with dim eyes I think of three ;  
Who weeps not others fair and brave as he?  
Ah, when the fight is won,  
Dear Land, whom triflers now make bold to scorn,  
(Thee ! from whose forehead Earth awaits her  
morn)  
How nobler shall the sun  
Flame in thy sky, how braver breathe thy air,  
That thou bred'st children who for thee could dare  
And die as thine have done !

MEMORIÆ POSITUM.

—◆—  
JULY 10.

O Beautiful ! my Country ! ours once more !  
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair  
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,  
And letting thy set lips,  
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,  
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,  
What words divine of lover or of poet  
Could tell our love and make thee know it,  
Among the Nations bright beyond compare ?  
What were our lives without thee ?  
What all our lives to save thee ?  
We reck not what we gave thee ;  
We will not dare to doubt thee,  
But ask whatever else, and we will dare !

HARVARD COMMEMORATION ODE.

JULY 9.

William Lowell Putnam, 1849.

---

JULY 10.



## JULY 11.

Wait a little : do *we* not wait ?  
Louis Napoleon is not Fate,  
Francis Joseph is not Time ;  
There 's One hath swifter feet than Crime ;  
Cannon-parliaments settle naught ;  
Venice is Austria's, — whose is Thought ?  
Minié is good, but, spite of change,  
Gutenberg's gun has the longest range.  
Spin, spin, Clotho, spin !  
Lachesis, twist ! and, Atropos, sever !  
In the shadow, year out, year in,  
The silent headsman waits forever.

VILLA FRANCA, 1859.

---

## JULY 12.

He had watched Nature like a detective who is to go upon the stand ; as we read him, it seems as if all-out-of-doors had kept a diary and become its own Montaigne ; we look at the landscape as in a Claude Lorraine glass ; compared with his, all other books of similar aim, even White's "Selborne," seem dry as a country clergyman's meteorological journal in an old almanac.

THOREAU.

He  
Who wore the ring of Canace.

ODE READ AT CONCORD.

**JULY 11.**

**Peace of Villa Franca, 1859.**



**JULY 12.**

**H. D. Thoreau, 1817.**

## JULY 13.

Beneath a bony buttonwood  
The mill's red door lets forth the din ;  
The whitened miller, dust-imbued,  
Flits past the square of dark within

No mountain torrent's strength is here ;  
Sweet Beaver, child of forest still,  
Heaps its small pitcher to the ear,  
And gently waits the miller's will.

Swift slips Undine along the race  
Unheard, and then, with flashing bound,  
Floods the dull wheel with light and grace,  
And, laughing, hunts the loath drudge round.

BEAVER BROOK.

---

## JULY 14.

One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilder-  
ness of warning.

SHAKESPEARE ONCE MORE.

If we could only carry that slow, imperturbable  
old clock of Opportunity, that never strikes a sec-  
ond too soon or too late, in our fobs, and push the  
hands forward as we can those of our watches !

CAMBRIDGE THIRTY YEARS AGO.

But Chance is like an amberill,—it don't take  
twice to lose it.

BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN, ESQ., TO MR. HOSEA BIGLOW.

JULY 13.



JULY 14.

## JULY 15.

Those leaning towers of clouded white  
On the farthest brink of doubtful ocean,  
That shorten and shorten out of sight,  
Yet seem on the selfsame spot to stay,  
Receding with a motionless motion,  
Fading to dubious films of gray,  
Lost, dimly found, then vanished wholly,  
Will rise again, the great world under,  
First films, then towers, then high-heaped clouds,  
Whose nearing outlines sharpen slowly  
Into tall ships with cobweb shrouds,  
That fill long Mongol eyes with wonder,  
Crushing the violet wave to spray  
Past some low headland of Cathay.

PICTURES FROM APPLEDORE.



## JULY 16.

It is lucky for the peace of great men that the world seldom finds out contemporaneously who its great men are, or, perhaps, that each man esteems himself the fortunate he who shall draw the lot of memory from the helmet of the future. Had the eyes of some Stratford burgess been achromatic telescopes, capable of a perspective of two hundred years! But, even then, would not his record have been fuller of *says I's* than *says he's*?

CAMBRIDGE THIRTY YEARS AGO.

JULY 15.



JULY 16.

## JULY 17.

Where'er a human heart doth wear  
Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,  
Where'er a human spirit strives  
After a life more true and fair,  
There is the true man's birthplace grand,  
His is a world-wide fatherland !

Where'er a single slave doth pine,  
Where'er one man may help another, —  
Thank God for such a birthright, brother, —  
That spot of earth is thine and mine !  
There is the true man's birthplace grand,  
His is a world-wide fatherland !

THE FATHERLAND.

---

## JULY 18.

One of the most delightful books in my father's library was White's "Natural History of Selborne." . . . Open the book where you will, it takes you out of doors. In our broiling July weather one can walk out with this genially garrulous Fellow of Oriel and find refreshment instead of fatigue. . . . The book has also the delightfulness of absolute leisure. Mr. White seems never to have had any harder work to do than to study the habits of his feathered fellow-townsfolk, or to watch the ripening of his peaches on the wall. His volumes are the journal of Adam in Paradise.

MY GARDEN ACQUAINTANCE.

**JULY 17.**



**JULY 18.**

**Gilbert White, 1720.**



JULY 19.

It is curious how tyrannical the habit of reading is, and what shifts we make to escape thinking. There is no bore we dread being left alone with so much as our own minds. I have seen a sensible man study a stale newspaper in a country tavern, and husband it as he would an old shoe on a raft after shipwreck. Why not try a bit of hibernation? There are few brains that would not be better for living on their own fat a little while.

A MOOSEHEAD JOURNAL.



JULY 20.

Before Chaucer, modern Europe had given birth to one great poet, Dante ; and contemporary with him was one supremely elegant one, Petrarch.

CHAUCEER.

Apollo, meanwhile,  
Went over some sonnets of his with a file,  
For, of all compositions, he thought that the sonnet  
Best repaid all the toil you expended upon it ;  
It should reach with one impulse the end of its  
course,  
And for one final blow collect all of its force ;  
Not a verse should be salient, but each one should  
tend  
With a wave-like up-gathering to break at the end.

A FABLE FOR CRITICS.

JULY 19.

---

JULY 20.

Petrarch, 1304; John Sterling, 1806.

## JULY 21.

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil  
Amid the dust of books to find her,  
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,  
With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.  
Many in sad faith sought for her,  
Many with crossed hands sighed for her ;  
But these, our brothers, fought for her  
At life's dear peril wrought for her,  
So loved her that they died for her,  
Tasting the raptured fleetness  
Of her divine completeness :  
.....  
Where faith made whole with deed  
Breathes its awakening breath  
Into the lifeless creed,  
They saw her plumed and mailed,  
With sweet, stern face unveiled,  
And all-repaying eyes, look proud on them in death.  
HARVARD COMMEMORATION ODE.

---

## JULY 22.

God works for all. Ye cannot hem the hope of  
being free  
With parallels of latitude, with mountain-range or  
sea.  
Put golden padlocks on Truth's lips, be callous as  
ye will,  
From soul to soul, o'er all the world, leaps one  
electric thrill.  
THE CAPTURE.

JULY 21.

Harvard Commemoration, 1865.

---

JULY 22.

Garibaldi, 1807.

## JULY 23.

What matters his name ? Why, it may be Sylvester,  
Judd, Junior, or Junius, Ulysses, or Nestor,  
For aught I know or care ; 't is enough that I look  
On the author of " Margaret," the first Yankee book  
With the *soul* of Down East in 't, and things farther East,

As far as the threshold of morning, at least,  
Where awaits the fair dawn of the simple and true,  
Of the day that comes slowly to make all things new.  
'T has a smack of pine woods, of bare field and  
bleak hill,

Such as only the breed of the Mayflower could till.

A FABLE FOR CRITICS.



## JULY 24.

The secret of force in writing lies not so much  
in the pedigree of nouns and adjectives and verbs,  
as in having something that you believe in to say,  
and making the parts of speech vividly conscious  
of it.

SHAKESPEARE ONCE MORE.

No power can die that ever wrought for Truth ;  
Thereby a law of Nature it became,  
And lives unwithered in its sinewy youth,  
When he who called it forth is but a name.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF DR. CHANNING.

JULY 23.

Sylvester Judd, 1813; Coventry Patmore, 1823; Charlotte  
Cushman, 1816.

---

JULY 24.

J. G. Holland, 1819; J. P. Curran, 1750.

JULY 25.

There is nothing so desperately monotonous as the sea, and I no longer wonder at the cruelty of pirates. Fancy an existence in which the coming up of a clumsy finback whale, who says *Poooh!* to you solemnly as you lean over the taffrail, is an event as exciting as an election on shore! . . . Who less likely to come to their wit's end than W. M. T. and A. H. C.? Yet I have seen them driven to five meals a day for mental occupation. I sometimes sit and pity Noah; but even he had this advantage over all succeeding navigators, that, wherever he landed, he was sure to get no ill news from home.

AT SEA.

---

JULY 26.

They wasted not their brain in schemes  
Of what man might be in some bubble-sphere,  
As if he must be other than he seems  
Because he was not what he should be here,  
Postponing Time's slow proof to petulant dreams :  
Yet herein they were great  
Beyond the incredulous lawgivers of yore,  
And wiser than the wisdom of the shelf,  
That they conceived a deeper-rooted state,  
Of hardier growth, alive from rind to core,  
By making man sole sponser of himself.

AN ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1876.

JULY 25.

---

JULY 26.

George Clinton, 1739.



JULY 27.

The electric nerve, whose instantaneous thrill  
Makes next-door gossips of the antipodes,  
Confutes poor Hope's last fallacy of ease, —  
The distance that divided her from ill :  
Earth sentient seems again as when of old

The horny foot of Pan  
Stamped, and the conscious horror ran  
Beneath men's feet through all her fibres cold :  
Space's blue walls are mined ; we feel the throe  
From underground of our night-mantled foe ;

The flame-winged feet  
Of Trade's new Mercury, that dry-shod run  
Through briny abysses dreamless of the sun,  
Are mercilessly fleet,  
And at a bound annihilate  
Ocean's prerogative of short reprieve.

—◆—  
AGASSIZ.

JULY 28.

The rose-breasted grosbeak has been a familiar bird in Brookline (three miles away), yet I never saw one here till last July, when I found a female busy among my raspberries and surprisingly bold. I hope she was *prospecting* with a view to settlement in our garden. She seemed, on the whole, to think well of my fruit, and I would gladly plant another bed if it would help to win over so delightful a neighbor.

MY GARDEN ACQUAINTANCE.

**JULY 27.**

Atlantic Telegraph completed, 1866; Thomas Campbell, 1777

—◆—  
**JULY 28.**

JULY 29.

Such superstition as comes to the surface nowadays is the harmless Jacobitism of sentiment, pleasing itself with the fiction all the more because there is no exacting reality behind it to impose a duty or demand a sacrifice. And as Jacobitism survived the Stuarts, so this has outlived the dynasty to which it professes an after-dinner allegiance. It nails a horseshoe over the door, but keeps a rattle by its bedside to summon a more substantial watchman; it hangs a crape on the beehives to get a taste of ideal sweetness, but obeys the teaching of the latest bee-book for material and marketable honey. This is the æsthetic variety of the malady, or rather, perhaps, it is only the old complaint robbed of all its pain, and lapped in waking dreams by the narcotism of an age of science.

WITCHCRAFT.

---

JULY 30.

They said the fairies tript no more,  
And long ago that Pan was dead;  
'T was but that fools preferred to bore  
Earth's rind inch-deep for truth instead.

Pan leaps and pipes all summer long,  
The fairies dance each full-mooned night,  
Would we but doff our lenses strong,  
And trust our wiser eyes' delight.

THE FOOT-PATH.

JULY 29.

---

JULY 30.

JULY 31.

Trust me, 't is something to be cast  
Face to face with one's Self at last,  
To be taken out of the fuss and strife,  
The endless clatter of plate and knife,  
The bore of books and the bores of the street,  
From the singular mess we agree to call Life,  
Where that is best which the most fools vote is,  
And to be set down on one's own two feet  
So nigh to the great warm heart of God,  
You almost seem to feel it beat  
Down from the sunshine and up from the sod ;  
To be compelled, as it were, to notice  
All the beautiful changes and chances  
Through which the landscape flits and glances,  
And to see how the face of common day  
Is written all over with tender histories,  
When you study it that intenser way  
In which a lover looks at his mistress.

PICTURES FROM APPLEDORE.

JULY 31.

JULY breathes hot, sallows the crispy fields,  
Curls up the wan leaves of the lilac-hedge,  
And every eve cheats us with show of clouds  
That braise the horizon's western rim or hang  
Motionless, with heaped canvas drooping idly,  
Like a dim fleet by starving men besieged,  
Conjectured half, and half descried afar,  
Helpless of wind, and seeming to slip back  
Adown the smooth curve of the oily sea.

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

Hushed with broad sunlight lies the hill,  
And, minuting the long day's loss,  
The cedar's shadow, slow and still,  
Creeps o'er its dial of gray moss.

Warm noon brims full the valley's cup,  
The aspen's leaves are scarce astir ;  
Only the little mill sends up  
Its busy, never-ceasing burr.

BEAVER BROOK.







## August.

---

UNTREMULOUS in the river clear,  
Toward the sky's image, hangs the imaged bridge;  
So still the air that I can hear  
The slender clarion of the unseen midge ;

On the wide marsh the purple-blossomed grasses  
Soak up the sunshine ; sleeps the brimming tide,  
Save when the wedge-shaped wake in silence passes  
Of some slow water-rat, whose sinuous glide  
Wavers the long green sedge's shade from side to  
side ;

But up the west, like a rock-shivered surge,  
Climbs a great cloud edged with sun-whitened  
spray ;

Huge whirls of foam boil toppling o'er its verge,  
And falling still it seems, and yet it climbs away.

SUMMER STORM.

## AUGUST 1.

The song is old and simple that I sing ;  
But old and simple are despised as cheap,  
Though hardest to achieve of human things :  
Good were the days of yore, when men were tried  
By ring of shields, as now by ring of words ;  
But while the gods are left, and hearts of men,  
And wide-doored ocean, still the days are good.  
Still o'er the earth hastes Opportunity,  
Seeking the hardy soul that seeks for her.  
Be not abroad, nor deaf with household cares  
That clatter loudest as they mean the least ;  
Swift-willed is thrice-willed ; late means nevermore ;  
Impatient is her foot, nor turns again.

THE VOYAGE TO VINLAND.

---

## AUGUST 2.

Ef reshness venters sunthin', shilly-shally  
Loses ez often wut 's ten times the vally.

. . . . .  
You 'll larn by waitin'

Thet Chance wun't stop to listen to debatin' !

SUNTHIN' IN THE PASTORAL LINE.

A betch o' bread thet hain't riz once ain't goin' to  
rise agin,  
An' it's jest money throwed away to put the emp-  
tins in.

BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN, ESQ., TO MR. HOSEA BIGLOW.

AUGUST 1.

—♦—  
AUGUST 2.

### AUGUST 3.

Wrong ever builds on quicksands, but the Right  
To the firm centre lays its moveless base.  
The tyrant trembles, if the air but stirs  
The innocent ringlets of a child's free hair,  
And crouches, when the thought of some great spirit,  
With world-wide murmur, like a rising gale,  
Over men's hearts, as over standing corn,  
Rushes, and bends them to its own strong will.

PROMETHEUS.



### AUGUST 4.

In one respect . . . the Salem trials were distinguished from all others. Though some of the accused had been terrified into confession, yet not one persevered in it, but all died protesting their innocence, and with unshaken constancy, though an acknowledgment of guilt would have saved the lives of all. This martyr proof of the efficacy of Puritanism in the character and conscience may be allowed to outweigh a great many sneers at Puritan fanaticism. It is at least a testimony to the courage and constancy which a profound religious sentiment had made common among the people of whom these sufferers were average representatives.

WITCHCRAFT.

AUGUST 3.



AUGUST 4.

## AUGUST 5.

The poet's office is to be a Voice, not of one crying in the wilderness to a knot of already magnetized acolytes, but singing amid the throng of men and lifting their common aspirations and sympathies (so first clearly revealed to themselves) on the wings of his song to a purer ether and a wider reach of view.

WORDSWORTH.

'T is not the singer's wish that makes the song :  
The rhythmic beauty wanders dumb, how long,  
Nor stoops to any daintiest instrument,  
Till, found its mated lips, their sweet consent  
Makes mortal breath than Time and Fate more  
strong.

INVITA MINERVA.

---

## AUGUST 6.

But to the spirit select there is no choice ;  
He cannot say, This will I do, or that,  
For the cheap means putting Heaven's ends in  
pawn,  
And bartering his bleak rocks, the freehold stern  
Of destiny's first-born, for smoother fields  
That yield no crop of self-denying will ;  
A hand is stretched to him from out the dark,  
Which grasping without question, he is led  
Where there is work that he must do for God.

COLUMBUS.



**AUGUST 5.**

**Alfred Tennyson, 1809.**

---

**AUGUST 6.**



## AUGUST 7.

The fireflies o'er the meadow  
In pulses come and go ;  
The elm-trees' heavy shadow  
Weighs on the grass below ;  
And faintly from the distance  
The dreaming cock doth crow.

All things look strange and mystic,  
The very bushes swell  
And take wild shapes and motions,  
As if beneath a spell, —  
They seem not the same lilacs  
From childhood known so well.

MIDNIGHT.

---

## AUGUST 8.

But now an English people began to be dimly aware of itself. Their having got a religion to themselves must have intensified them much as the having a God of their own did the Jews. The exhilaration of relief after the long tension of anxiety, when the Spanish Armada was overwhelmed like the hosts of Pharaoh, while it confirmed their assurance of a provincial deity, must also have been like sunshine to bring into flower all that there was of imaginative or sentimental in the English nature, already just in the first flush of its spring.

SPENSER.

**AUGUST 7.**



**AUGUST 8.**

**Defeat of the Spanish Armada, 1588 ; B. Silliman, 1779.**

## AUGUST 9.

Amid the rickety sentiment looming big through misty phrase which marks so much of modern literature, to read him [Dryden] is as bracing as a northwest wind. He blows the mind clear. In ripeness of mind and bluff heartiness of expression, he takes rank with the best. His phrase is always a short-cut to his sense, for his estate was too spacious for him to need that trick of winding the path of his thought about, and planting it out with clumps of epithet, by which the landscape-gardeners of literature give to a paltry half-acre the air of a park. In poetry, to be next-best is, in one sense, to be nothing ; and yet to be among the first in any kind of writing, as Dryden certainly was, is to be one of a very small company.

DRYDEN.

---

## AUGUST 10.

Nor deem that acts heroic wait on chance  
Or easy were as in a boy's romance ;  
The man's whole life preludes the single deed  
That shall decide if his inheritance  
Be with the sifted few of matchless breed,  
Our race's sap and sustenance,  
Or with the unmotivated herd that only sleep and feed.

UNDER THE OLD ELM.

**AUGUST 9.**

John Dryden, 1631; Izaak Walton, 1593; Adoniram Judson  
1788.

---

**AUGUST 10.**

## AUGUST 11.

Fanaticism, or, to call it by its milder name, enthusiasm, is only powerful and active so long as it is aggressive. Establish it firmly in power, and it becomes conservatism, whether it will or no. A sceptre once put in the hand, the grip is instinctive ; and he who is firmly seated in authority soon learns to think security, and not progress, the highest lesson of statecraft. From the summit of power men no longer turn their eyes upward, but begin to look about them. Aspiration sees only one side of every question ; possession, many.

NEW ENGLAND TWO CENTURIES AGO.

---

## AUGUST 12.

Thoughts that great hearts once broke for, we  
Breathe cheaply in the common air ;  
The dust we trample heedlessly  
Throbb'd once in saints and heroes rare,  
Who perished, opening for their race  
New pathways to the commonplace.

Henceforth, when rings the health to those  
Who live in story and in song,  
O nameless dead, that now repose  
Safe in Oblivion's chambers strong,  
One cup of recognition true  
Shall silently be drained to you !

MASACCIO.

AUGUST 11.



AUGUST 12.

### AUGUST 13.

Chance led me to a public pleasure-ground,  
Where I grew kindly with the merry groups,  
And blessed the Frenchman for his simple art  
Of being domestic in the light of day.  
His language has no word, we growl, for Home ;  
But he can find a fireside in the sun,  
Play with his child, make love, and shriek his mind,  
By throngs of strangers undisprivacied.  
He makes his life a public gallery,  
Nor feels himself till what he feels comes back  
In manifold reflection from without ;  
While we, each pore alert with consciousness,  
Hide our best selves as we had stolen them,  
And each bystander a detective were,  
Keen-eyed for every chink of undisguise.

THE CATHEDRAL.

---

### AUGUST 14.

Commonly the Yankee in his pleasures suspects the presence of Public Opinion as a detective, and accordingly is apt to pinion himself in his Sunday suit. It is a curious commentary on the artificiality of our lives, that men must be disguised and masked before they will venture into the obscurer corners of their individuality, and display the true features of their nature.

CAMBRIDGE THIRTY YEARS AGO.

AUGUST 13.



AUGUST 14.



## AUGUST 15.

All great poets have been in a certain sense provincial, — Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Burns, Scott in the “Heart of Midlothian” and “Bride of Lammermoor,” — because the office of the poet is always vicarious, because nothing that has not been living experience can become living expression, because the collective thought, the faith, the desire of a nation or a race, is the cumulative result of many ages, is something organic, and is wiser and stronger than any single person, and will make a great statesman or a great poet out of any man who can entirely surrender himself to it.

DANTE.

---

## AUGUST 16.

Fulfil so much of God's decree  
As works its problem out in thee,  
Nor dream that in thy breast alone  
The conscience of the changeful seasons,  
The Will that in the planets reasons  
With space-wide logic, has its throne.

Thy virtue makes not vice of mine,  
Unlike, but none the less divine ;  
Thy toil adorns, not chides, my play ;  
Nature of sameness is so chary,  
With such wild whim the freakish fairy  
Picks presents for the christening-day.

THE NOMADES.

## AUGUST 15.

Walter Scott, 1771; Napoleon Bonaparte, 1769; Edward  
Irving, 1792.

---

## AUGUST 16.

## AUGUST 17.

Dr. K. was President of the University then, a man of genius, but of genius that evaded utilization, — a great water-power, but without rapids, and flowing with too smooth and gentle a current to be set turning wheels and whirling spindles. His was not that restless genius of which the man seems to be merely the representative, and which wreaks itself in literature or politics, but of that milder sort, quite as genuine, and perhaps of more contemporaneous value, which *is* the man, permeating the whole life with placid force, and giving to word, look, and gesture a meaning only justifiable by our belief in a reserved power of latent reinforcement.

CAMBRIDGE THIRTY YEARS AGO.

---

## AUGUST 18.

O Power, more near my life than life itself  
(Or what seems life to us in sense immured),  
Even as the roots, shut in the darksome earth,  
Share in the tree-top's joyance, and conceive  
Of sunshine and wide air and winged things  
By sympathy of nature, so do I  
Have evidence of Thee so far above,  
Yet in and of me ! Rather Thou the root  
Invisibly sustaining, hid in light,  
Not darkness, or in darkness made by us.

THE CATHEDRAL

AUGUST 17.

John Thornton Kirkland, 1770; Isaac Taylor, 1787;  
Frederika Bremer, 1801.

---

AUGUST 18.

## AUGUST 19.

On the whole, it would be hard to find anything more tediously artificial than the Provençal literature, except the reproduction of it by the Minnesingers. . . . But its doom was inevitably predicted in its nature and position, nay, in its very name. It was, and it continues to be, a strictly *provincial* literature, imprisoned within extremely narrow intellectual and even geographical limits. It is not race or language that can inflict this leprous isolation, but some defect of sympathy with the simpler and more universal relations of human nature. You cannot shut up Burns in a dialect bristling with archaisms, nor prevent Béranger from setting all pulses a-dance in the least rhythmic and imaginative of modern tongues.

CHAUCER.

---

## AUGUST 20.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears  
along,  
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of  
right or wrong ;  
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's  
vast frame  
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of  
joy or shame ;—  
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have  
equal claim.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

AUGUST 19.

Pierre Jean de Béranger, 1780



AUGUST 20.

## AUGUST 21.

When *I* wuz younger 'n wut you see me now, —  
Nothin' from Adam's fall to Huldy's bonnet,  
Thet I warn't full-cocked with my jedgment on it ;  
But now I 'm gittin' on in life, I find  
It 's a sight harder to make up my mind, —  
Nor I don't often try tu, when events  
Will du it for me free of all expense.  
The moral question 's ollus plain enough, —  
It 's jes' the human-natur' side thet 's tough ;  
Wut 's best to think may n't puzzle me nor you, —  
The pinch comes in decidin' wut to *du* ;  
Ef you *read* History, all runs smooth ez grease,  
Coz there the men ain't nothin' more 'n idees, —  
But come to *make* it, ez we must to-däy,  
Th' idees hev arms an' legs an' stop the way.

SUNTHIN' IN THE PASTORAL LINE.

---

## AUGUST 22.

Byron hit the white, which he often shot very wide of in his Italian Guide-Book, when he called Rome "my country." But it is a feeling which comes to one slowly, and is absorbed into one's system during a long residence. Perhaps one does not feel it till he has gone away, as things always seem fairer when we look back at them, and it is out of that inaccessible tower of the past that Longing leans and beckons.

A FEW BITS OF ROMAN MOSAIC.

AUGUST 21.

—◆—  
AUGUST 22.



## AUGUST 23.

Still can I hear his voice's shrilling might  
(With pauses broken, while the fitful spark  
He blew more hotly rounded on the dark  
To hint his features with a Rembrandt light)  
Call Oken back, or Humboldt, or Lamarck,  
Or Cuvier's taller shade, and many more  
Whom he had seen, or knew from others' sight,  
And make them men to me as ne'er before.

AGASSIZ.

---

## AUGUST 24.

He's true to God who's true to man ; wherever  
wrong is done,  
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-be-  
holding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us.

ON THE CAPTURE OF CERTAIN FUGITIVE SLAVES.

Every word that he speaks has been fierily furnaced  
In the blast of a life that has struggled in earnest :

. . . . .

You forget the man wholly, you're thankful to meet  
With a preacher who smacks of the field and the  
street,

And to hear, you're not over-particular whence,  
Almost Taylor's profusion, quite Latimer's sense.

A FABLE FOR CRITICS.

AUGUST 23.

Cuvier, 1769.

---

AUGUST 24.

William Wilberforce, 1759; Theodore Parker, 1810.

## AUGUST 25.

Children learn to speak by watching the lips and catching the words of those who know how already, and poets learn in the same way from their elders. They import their raw material from any and everywhere, and the question at last comes down to this, — whether an author have original force enough to assimilate all he has acquired, or that he so overmastering as to assimilate *him*. If the poet turn out the stronger, we allow him to help himself from other people with wonderful equanimity. Should a man discover the art of transmuting metals and present us with a lump of gold as large as an ostrich-egg, would it be in human nature to inquire too nicely whether he had stolen the lead? CHAUCER.



## AUGUST 26.

A right hand guided by an earnest soul,  
With a true instinct, takes the golden prize  
From out a thousand blanks. What men call luck  
Is the prerogative of valiant souls,  
The fealty life pays its rightful kings.

A GLANCE BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

The brave makes danger opportunity ;  
The waverer, paltering with the chance sublime,  
Dwarfs it to peril. THE WASHERS OF THE SHROUD

AUGUST 25,



AUGUST 26.

## AUGUST 27.

Men prate

Of all heads to an equal grade cashiered  
On level with the dullest, and expect  
(Sick of no worse distemper than themselves)  
A wondrous cure-all in equality ;  
They reason that To-morrow must be wise  
Because To-day was not, nor Yesterday,  
As if good days were shapen of themselves,  
Not of the very lifeblood of men's souls.

THE CATHEDRAL.

---

## AUGUST 28.

Skill, wisdom, and even wit are cumulative ; but that diviner faculty, which is the spiritual eye, though it may be trained and sharpened, cannot be added to by taking thought. This has always been something innate, unaccountable, to be laid to a happy conjunction of the stars. Goethe, the last of the *great* poets, accordingly takes pains to tell us under what planets he was born ; and in him it is curious how uniform the imaginative quality is from the beginning to the end of his long literary activity. His early poems show maturity, his mature ones a youthful freshness. The apple already lies potentially in the blossom, as that may be traced also in the ripened fruit. With a mere change of emphasis, Goethe might be called an old boy at both ends of his career.

CARLYLE.

AUGUST 27.



AUGUST 28.

Goethe, 1749; John Stark, 1728; Ormsby M. Mitchell, 1810.

## AUGUST 29.

There's Holmes, who is matchless among you  
for wit;  
A Leyden-jar always full-charged, from which flit  
The electrical tingles of hit after hit.

. . . . .  
His are just the fine hands, too, to weave you a  
lyric  
Full of fancy, fun, feeling, or spiced with satyric  
In a measure so kindly, you doubt if the toes  
That are trodden upon are your own or your foes'.

A FABLE FOR CRITICS.

— Holmes's rockets curve their long ellipse,  
And burst in seeds of fire that burst again  
To drop in scintillating rain. AGASSIZ.

---

## AUGUST 30.

The inward life unwillingly admits any break in its continuity, and nothing is more common than to hear a man, in venting an opinion taken up a week ago, say with perfect sincerity, "I have always thought so and so." Whatever belief occupies the whole mind soon produces the impression on us of having long had possession of it, and one mode of consciousness blends so insensibly with another that it is impossible to mark by an exact line where one begins and the other ends. DANTE.

AUGUST 29.  
O. W. Holmes, 1809.

---

AUGUST 30.



AUGUST 31.

I know a falcon swift and peerless  
As e'er was cradled in the pine ;  
No bird had ever eye so fearless,  
Or wing so strong as this of mine.

The winds not better love to pilot  
A cloud with molten gold o'errun,  
Than him, a little burning islet,  
A star above the coming sun.

For with a lark's heart he doth tower,  
By a glorious upward instinct drawn ;  
No bee nestles deeper in the flower  
Than he in the bursting rose of dawn.

No harmless dove, no bird that singeth,  
Shudders to see him overhead ;  
The rush of his fierce swooping bringeth  
To innocent hearts no thrill of dread.

Let fraud and wrong and baseness shiver,  
For still between them and the sky  
The falcon Truth hangs poised forever  
And marks them with his vengeful eye.

THE FALCON.

AUGUST 31.

EASTWARD as far as the eye can see,  
Still eastward, eastward, endlessly,  
The sparkle and tremor of purple sea  
That rises before you, a flickering hill,  
On and on to the shut of the sky,  
And beyond, you fancy it sloping until  
The same multitudinous throb and thrill  
That vibrate under your dizzy eye  
In ripples of orange and pink are sent  
Where the poppied sails doze on the yard,  
And the clumsy junk and proa lie  
Sunk deep with precious woods and nard,  
Mid the palmy isles of the Orient.

. . . . .  
What was that sigh which seemed so near,  
Chilling your fancy to the core ?  
'T is only the sad old sea you hear,  
That seems to seek forevermore  
Something it cannot find, and so,  
Sighing, seeks on, and tells its woe  
To the pitiless breakers of Appledore.

PICTURES FROM APPLIEDORE.





## September.

---

'T IS a woodland enchanted !  
When the phebe scarce whistles  
Once an hour to his fellow,  
And, where red lilies flaunted,  
Balloons from the thistles  
Tell summer's disasters,  
The butterflies yellow,  
As caught in an eddy  
Of air's silent ocean,  
Sink, waver, and steady  
O'er goats'-beard and asters,  
Like souls of dead flowers,  
With aimless emotion  
Still lingering unready  
To leave their old bowers ;  
And the fount is no dumber,  
But still gleams and flashes,  
And gurgles and plashes,  
To the measure of summer ;  
The butterflies hear it,  
And spell-bound are holden,  
Still balancing near it  
O'er the goats'-beard so golden.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

## SEPTEMBER 1.

Wait, we say : our years are long ;  
Men are weak, but Man is strong ;  
Since the stars first curved their rings,  
We have looked on many things ;  
Great wars come and great wars go.  
Wolf-tracks light on polar snow ;  
We shall see him come and gone,  
This second-hand Napoleon.

Spin, spin, Clotho, spin !  
Lachesis, twist ! and, Atropos, sever !  
In the shadow, year out, year in,  
The silent headsman waits forever.

VILLA FRANCA, 1859.

---

## SEPTEMBER 2.

There is no more universal characteristic of human nature than the instinct of men to apologize to themselves for themselves, and to justify personal failings by generalizing them into universal laws. A man would be the keenest devil's advocate against himself, were it not that he has always taken a retaining fee for the defence ; for we think that the indirect and mostly unconscious pleas in abatement which we read between the lines in the works of many authors are oftener written to set themselves right in their own eyes than in those of the world.

ROUSSEAU AND THE SENTIMENTALISTS.

## SEPTEMBER 1.

Battle of Sedan, 1870.



## SEPTEMBER 2.



### SEPTEMBER 3.

Yet let us think, that, as there 's naught above  
The all-embracing atmosphere of Art,  
So also there is naught that falls below  
Her generous reach, though grimed with guilt and  
woe.

Her fittest triumph is to show that good  
Lurks in the heart of evil evermore,  
That love, though scorned, and outcast, and with-  
stood,  
Can without end forgive, and yet have store ;  
God's love and man's are of the selfsame blood,  
And He can see that always at the door  
Of foulest hearts the angel-nature yet  
Knocks to return and cancel all its debt.

A LEGEND OF BRITTANY.

---

### SEPTEMBER 4.

A higher mode of belief is the best exorciser, because it makes the spiritual at one with the actual world instead of hostile, or at best alien. It has been the grossly material interpretations of spiritual doctrine that have given occasion to the two extremes of superstition and unbelief. While the resurrection of the body has been insisted on, that resurrection from the body which is the privilege of all has been forgotten.

WITCHCRAFT.

SEPTEMBER 3.



SEPTEMBER 4.

## SEPTEMBER 5.

Far through the memory shines a happy day,  
Cloudless of care, down-shod to every sense,  
And simply perfect from its own resource,  
As to a bee the new campanula's  
Illuminate seclusion swung in air.  
Such days are not the prey of setting suns,  
Nor ever blurred with mist of after-thought ;  
Like words made magical by poets dead,  
Wherein the music of all meaning is  
The sense hath garnered or the soul divined,  
They mingle with our life's ethereal part,  
Sweetening and gathering sweetness evermore,  
By beauty's franchise disenthralled of time.

THE CATHEDRAL.

---

## SEPTEMBER 6.

If we must draw a moral from Hamlet, it would seem to be, that Will is Fate, and that, Will once abdicating, the inevitable successor in the regency is Chance. Had Hamlet acted, instead of musing how good it would be to act, the king might have been the only victim. As it is, all the main actors in the story are the fortuitous sacrifice of his irresolution. We see how a single great vice of character at last draws to itself as allies and confederates all other weaknesses of the man, as in civil wars the timid and the selfish wait to throw themselves upon the stronger side.

SHAKESPEARE ONCE MORE.

SEPTEMBER 5.



SEPTEMBER 6.

## SEPTEMBER 7.

Under a wise, cultivated, and firm-handed monarch also, the national feeling of England grew rapidly more homogeneous and intense, the rather as the womanhood of the sovereign stimulated a more chivalric loyalty, — while the new religion, of which she was the defender, helped to make England morally, as it was geographically, insular to the continent of Europe.      SHAKESPEARE ONCE MORE.

It is singular how impatient men are with overpraise of others, how patient with overpraise of themselves ; and yet the one does them no injury, while the other may be their ruin.

LITERARY REMAINS OF THE REV. HOMER WILBUR.

---

## SEPTEMBER 8.

Ovid in Pontus, puling for his Rome  
Of men invirile and disnatured dames  
That poison sucked from the Attic bloom decayed,  
Shrank with a shudder from the blue-eyed race  
Whose force rough-handed should renew the world,  
And from the dregs of Romulus express  
Such wine as Dante poured, or he who blew  
Roland's vain blast, or sang the Campeador  
In verse that clanks like armor in the charge, —  
Homeric juice, if brimmed in Odin's horn.

THE CATHEDRAL.

SEPTEMBER 7.

Queen Elizabeth, 1533.



SEPTEMBER 8.

Ariosto, 1474 ; A. W. Schlegel, 1767.

## SEPTEMBER 9.

What 's Knowledge, with her stocks and lands,  
To gay Conjecture's yellow strands ?  
What 's watching her slow flocks increase  
To ventures for the golden fleece ?  
What her deep ships, safe under lee,  
To youth's light craft, that drinks the sea,  
For Flying Islands making sail,  
And failing where 't is gain to fail ?  
Ah me ! Experience (so we 're told),  
Time's crucible, turns lead to gold ;  
Yet what 's experience won but dross,  
Cloud-gold transmuted to our loss ?  
What but base coin the best event  
To the untried experiment ?

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

---

## SEPTEMBER 10.

Year by year, more and more of the world gets disenchanted. Even the icy privacy of the arctic and antarctic circles is invaded. Our youth are no longer ingenious, as indeed no ingenuity is demanded of them. Everything is accounted for, everything cut and dried, and the world may be put together as easily as the fragments of a dissected map. The Mysterious bounds nothing now on the North, South, East, or West. We have played Jack Horner with our earth, till there is never a plum left in it.

AT SEA.

SEPTEMBER 9.

---

SEPTEMBER 10.

Mungo Park, 1771.



## SEPTEMBER 11.

No doubt the works of Salvator Rosa and Gaspar Poussin show that there must have been some amateur taste for the grand and terrible in scenery, but the British poet Thomson ("sweet-souled" is Wordsworth's apt word) was the first to do with words what they had done partially with colors. He was turgid, no good metrist, and his English is like a translation from one of those poets who wrote in Latin after it was dead; but he was a man of sincere genius, and not only English, but European literature is largely in his debt. He was the inventor of cheap amusement for the million, to be had of All-out-doors for the asking.

A GOOD WORD FOR WINTER.

---

## SEPTEMBER 12.

For Love bides longest in a woman's heart,  
And flutters many times before he flies,  
And then doth perch so nearly, that a word  
May lure him back, as swift and glad as light;  
And Duty lingers even when Love is gone,  
Oft looking out in hope of his return;  
And, after Duty hath been driven forth,  
Then Selfishness creeps in the last of all,  
Warming her lean hands at the lonely hearth,  
And crouching o'er the embers, to shut out  
Whatever paltry warmth and light are left,  
With avaricious greed, from all beside.

A CHIPPEWA LEGEND.

SEPTEMBER 11.

James Thomson, 1700.



SEPTEMBER 12

## SEPTEMBER 13.

Into the question, whether the ability to express ourselves in articulate language has been productive of more good or evil, I shall not here enter at large. The two faculties of speech and of speech-making are wholly diverse in their natures. By the first we make ourselves intelligible, by the last unintelligible, to our fellows. . . . I made the discovery that *nothing* takes longer in the saying than anything else, for as *ex nihilo nihil fit*, so from one polypus *nothing* any number of similar ones may be produced.

LETTER OF THE REV. HOMER WILBUR.

An' his gret sword behind him sloped away  
Long 'z a man's speech thet dunno wut to say.

SUNTHIN' IN THE PASTORAL LINE.

---

## SEPTEMBER 14.

The sagacious Lacedæmonians, hearing that TesePHONE had bragged that he could talk all day long on any given subject, made no more ado, but forthwith banished him, whereby they supplied him a topic and at the same time took care that his experiment upon it should be tried out of ear-shot.

LETTER OF THE REV. HOMER WILBUR.

Words, ef you keep 'em, pay their keep,  
But gabble 's the short cut to ruin;  
It 's gratis, (gals half-price,) but cheap  
At no rate, ef it henders doin'.

LATEST VIEWS OF MR. BIGLOW.

SEPTEMBER 13.



SEPTEMBER 14.

## SEPTEMBER 15.

There is one thing in Cooper I like, too, and  
that is  
That on manners he lectures his countrymen gratis ;  
Not precisely so either, because, for a rarity,  
He is paid for his tickets in unpopularity.  
Now he may overcharge his American pictures,  
But you'll grant there's a good deal of truth in his  
strictures ;  
And I honor the man who is willing to sink  
Half his present repute for the freedom to think,  
And, when he has thought, be his cause strong or  
weak,  
Will risk t' other half for the freedom to speak,  
Caring naught for what vengeance the mob has in  
store,  
Let that mob be the upper ten thousand or lower.

A FABLE FOR CRITICS.

---

## SEPTEMBER 16.

The world always judges a man (and rightly  
enough, too) by his little faults, which he shows a  
hundred times a day, rather than by his great vir-  
tues, which he discloses perhaps but once in a life-  
time, and to a single person, — nay, in proportion  
as they are rarer, and he is nobler, is shyer of let-  
ting their existence be known at all.

CAMBRIDGE THIRTY YEARS AGO

SEPTEMBER 15.

James Fenimore Cooper, 1789; J. G. Percival, 1795.



SEPTEMBER 16.

## SEPTEMBER 17.

What the early settlers of Massachusetts *did* intend, and what they accomplished, was the founding here of a *new* England, and a better one, where the political superstitions and abuses of the old should never have leave to take root. So much, we may say, they deliberately intended. No nobles, either lay or cleric, no great landed estates, and no universal ignorance as the seed-plot of vice and unreason ; but an elective magistracy and clergy, land for all who would till it, and reading and writing, will ye nill ye, instead. Here at last, it would seem, simple manhood is to have a chance to play his stake against Fortune with honest dice, uncogged by those three hoary sharpers, Prerogative, Patriarchism, and Priestcraft.

NEW ENGLAND TWO CENTURIES AGO.

---

## SEPTEMBER 18.

Johnson neither in amplitude of literature nor exactness of scholarship could be deemed a match for Lessing ; but they were alike in the power of readily applying whatever they had learned, whether for purposes of illustration or argument. They resemble each other, also, in a kind of absolute common-sense, and in the force with which they could plant a direct blow with the whole weight both of their training and their temperament behind it.

LESSING.

SEPTEMBER 17.

Settlement of Boston, 1630; Samuel Hopkins, 1721;  
Mezzofanti, 1774.



SEPTEMBER 18.

Samuel Johnson, 1709; Joseph Story, 1776



## SEPTEMBER 19.

Notoriety may be achieved in a narrow sphere,  
but fame demands for its evidence a more distant  
and prolonged reverberation.

### A GREAT PUBLIC CHARACTER

Souls destined to o'erleap the vulgar lot,  
And mould the world unto the scheme of God,  
Have a fore-consciousness of their high doom,  
As men are known to shiver at the heart  
When the cold shadow of some coming ill  
Creeps slowly o'er their spirits unawares.  
Hath Good less power of prophecy than Ill?

### A GLANCE BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

---

## SEPTEMBER 20.

The danger of the satirist is, that continual use  
may deaden his sensibility to the force of language.  
He becomes more and more liable to strike harder  
than he knows or intends. He may be careful to  
put on his boxing-gloves, and yet forget that, the  
older they grow, the more plainly may the knuckles  
inside be felt. Moreover, in the heat of contest,  
the eye is insensibly drawn to the crown of victory,  
whose tawdry tinsel glitters through that dust of  
the ring which obscures Truth's wreath of simple  
leaves.

LETTER OF THE REV. HOMER WILBUR.

I am sure that political satire will have full justice done it by that genuine and delightful humorist,  
the Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby.

INTRODUCTION TO THE BIGLOW PAPERS, SECOND SERIES.

SEPTEMBER 19.



SEPTEMBER 20.

D. R. Locke, 1833; Charles Carroll, 1737.

## SEPTEMBER 21.

Far in front the cross stands ready and the crack-  
ling fagots burn,  
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe  
return  
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's  
golden urn.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

Darkness is strong, and so is Sin,  
But only God endures forever !

VILLA FRANCA.

---

## SEPTEMBER 22.

Mr. Lincoln had the choice of Bassanio offered him. Which of the three caskets held the prize that was to redeem the fortunes of the country ? There was the golden one whose showy speciousness might have tempted a vain man ; the silver of compromise, which might have decided the choice of a merely acute one ; and the leaden, — dull and homely-looking, as prudence always is, yet with something about it sure to attract the eye of practical wisdom. Mr. Lincoln dallied with his decision perhaps longer than seemed needful to those on whom its awful responsibility was not to rest, but when he made it, it was worthy of his cautious but sure-footed understanding.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Those love truth best who to themselves are true,  
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do.

HARVARD COMMEMORATION ODE.

SEPTEMBER 21.

Savonarola, 1452.



SEPTEMBER 22.

Emancipation Proclamation, 1862 ; Theodore Winthrop, 1828.

## SEPTEMBER 23.

The people often make blunders in their choice ; they are apt to mistake presence of speech for presence of mind ; they love so to help a man rise from the ranks, that they will spoil a good demagogue to make a bad general ; a great many faults may be laid at their door, but they are not fairly to be charged with fickleness. They are constant to whoever is constant to his real self, to the best manhood that is in him, and not to the mere selfishness, the *antica lupa* so cunning to hide herself in the sheep's fleece even from ourselves.

A GREAT PUBLIC CHARACTER.

---

## SEPTEMBER 24.

As I sit sometimes in the twilight,  
And call back to life in the coals  
Old faces and hopes and fancies  
Long buried (good rest to their souls !)

Her face shines out in the embers ;  
I see her holding the light,  
And hear the crunch of the gravel  
And the sweep of the rain that night.

'T is a face that can never grow older,  
That never can part with its gleam ;  
'T is a gracious possession forever,  
For is it not all a dream ?

AN EMBER PICTURE.

SEPTEMBER 23.



SEPTEMBER 24

## SEPTEMBER 25.

Wonderful, to him that has eyes to see it rightly, is the newspaper. To me, for example, sitting on the critical front bench of the pit, in my study here in Jaalam, the advent of my weekly journal is as that of a strolling theatre, or rather of a puppet-show, on whose stage, narrow as it is, the tragedy, comedy, and farce of life are played in little. Behold the whole huge earth sent to me hebdomadally in a brown-paper wrapper !

SERMON OF THE REV. HOMER WILBUR.

---

## SEPTEMBER 26.

'T were glorious, no doubt, to be  
One of the strong-winged Hierarchy,  
To burn with Seraphs, or to shine  
With Cherubs, deathlessly divine ;  
Yet I, perhaps, poor earthly clod,  
Could I forget myself in God,  
Could I but find my nature's clew  
Simply as birds and blossoms do,  
And but for one rapt moment know  
'T is Heaven must come, not we must go,  
Should win my place as near the throne  
As the pearl-angel of its zone,  
And God would listen 'mid the throng  
For my one breath of perfect song,  
That, in its simple human way,  
Said all the Host of Heaven could say.

WHAT RABBI JEHOSSA SAID.

SEPTEMBER 25.

First Newspaper issued in the United States, 1600.



SEPTEMBER 26.



SEPTEMBER 27.

They steered by stars the elder shipmen knew,  
And laid their courses where the currents draw  
Of ancient wisdom channeled deep in law,  
The undaunted few  
Who changed the Old World for the New,  
And more devoutly prized  
Than all perfection theorized  
The more imperfect that had roots and grew.  
They founded deep and well,  
Those danger-chosen chiefs of men  
Who still believed in Heaven and Hell,  
Nor hoped to find a spell,  
In some fine flourish of a pen,  
To make a better man  
Than long-considering Nature will or can.

AN ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1876.

---

SEPTEMBER 28.

I am apt to believe that the complaints one sometimes hears of the neglect of our older literature are the regrets of archæologists rather than of critics. One does not need to advertise the squirrels where the nut-trees are, nor could any amount of lecturing persuade them to spend their teeth on a hollow nut.

SPENSER.

From the days of the first grandfather, everybody has remembered a golden age behind him !

CARLYLE.

SEPTEMBER 27.

Samuel Adams, 1722 ; Bossuet, 1627.



SEPTEMBER 28.

## SEPTEMBER 29.

O Faith ! if thou art strong, thine opposite  
Is mighty also, and the dull fool's sneer  
Hath ofttimes shot chill palsy through the arm  
Just lifted to achieve its crowning deed,  
And made the firm-based heart, that would have  
    quailed

The rack or fagot, shudder like a leaf  
Wrinkled with frost and loose upon its stem.  
The wicked and the weak, by some dark law,  
Have a strange power to shut and rivet down  
Their own horizon round us, to unwing  
Our heaven-aspiring visions, and to blur  
With surly clouds the Future's gleaming peaks,  
Far seen across the brine of thankless years.

COLUMBUS.

---

## SEPTEMBER 30.

Truly there is a tide in the affairs of men, but  
there is no gulf-stream setting forever in one direc-  
tion ; and those waves of enthusiasm, on whose  
crumbling crests we sometimes see nations lifted for  
a gleaming moment, are wont to have a gloomy  
trough before and behind.

NEW ENGLAND TWO CENTURIES AGO.

Thy mighty clamors, wars, and world-noised deeds  
Are silent now in dust,  
Gone like a tremble of the huddling reeds  
Beneath some sudden gust.

TO THE PAST.

SEPTEMBER 20.



SEPTEMBER 30.

Pompey, 106 B. C.

DEEP in the forest was a little dell  
High overarched with the leafy sweep  
Of a broad oak, through whose gnarled roots there  
fell

A slender rill that sung itself asleep,  
Where its continuous toil had scooped a well  
To please the fairy folk ; breathlessly deep  
The stillness was, save when the dreaming brook  
From its small urn a drizzly murmur shook.

The wooded hills sloped upward all around  
With gradual rise, and made an even rim,  
So that it seemed a mighty casque unbound  
From some huge Titan's brow to lighten him,  
Ages ago, and left upon the ground,  
Where the slow soil had mossed it to the brim,  
Till after countless centuries it grew  
Into this dell, the haunt of noontide dew.

Dim vistas, sprinkled o'er with sun-flecked green,  
Wound through the thickset trunks on every  
side,  
And, toward the west, in fancy might be seen  
A gothic window in its blazing pride,  
When the low sun, two arching elms between,  
Lit up the leaves beyond, which, autumn-dyed  
With lavish hues, would into splendor start,  
Shaming the labored panes of richest art.

A LEGEND OF BRITTANY.







## October.

---

THE birch, most shy and ladylike of trees,  
Her poverty, as best she may, retrieves,  
And hints at her foregone gentilities  
With some saved relics of her wealth of leaves ;  
The swamp-oak, with his royal purple on,  
Glares red as blood across the sinking sun,  
As one who prouder to a falling fortune cleaves.

The red-oak, softer-grained, yields all for lost,  
And, with his crumpled foliage stiff and dry,  
After the first betrayal of the frost,  
Rebuffs the kiss of the relenting sky ;  
The chestnuts, lavish of their long-hid gold,  
To the faint Summer, beggared now and old,  
Pour back the sunshine hoarded 'neath her favoring  
eye.

The ash her purple drops forgivingly  
And sadly, breaking not the general hush ;  
The maple-swamps glow like a sunset sea,  
Each leaf a ripple with its separate flush ;  
All round the wood's edge creeps the skirting  
blaze  
Of bushes low, as when, on cloudy days,  
Ere the rain falls, the cautious farmer burns his  
brush.

AN INDIAN-SUMMER REVERIE.



OCTOBER 1.

One morn of autumn lords it o'er the rest,  
When in the lane I watched the ash-leaves fall,  
Balancing softly earthward without wind,  
Or twirling with directer impulse down  
On those fallen yesterday, now barbed with frost,  
While I grew pensive with the pensive year.

THE CATHEDRAL.

No Godlike thing knows aught of less and less,  
But widens to the boundless Perfectness.

SONNET 17.

---

OCTOBER 2.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will  
With our poor earthward striving ;  
We quench it that we may be still  
Content with merely living ;  
But, would we learn that heart's full scope  
Which we are hourly wronging,  
Our lives must climb from hope to hope  
And realize our longing.

Ah ! let us hope that to our praise  
Good God not only reckons  
The moments when we tread his ways,  
But when the spirit beckons, —  
That some slight good is also wrought  
Beyond self-satisfaction,  
When we are simply good in thought,  
Howe'er we fail in action.

LONGING.

OCTOBER 1.



OCTOBER 2.

### OCTOBER 3.

Near the top is a spring of water. . . . The little tin-dipper was scratched all over with names, showing that vanity, at least, is not put out of breath by the ascent. O Ozymandias, King of kings ! We are all scrawling on something of the kind. "My name is engraved on the institutions of my country," thinks the statesman. But, alas ! institutions are as changeable as tin-dippers ; men are content to drink the same old water, if the shape of the cup only be new, and our friend gets two lines in the Biographical Dictionaries.

A MOOSEHEAD JOURNAL.

---

### OCTOBER 4.

Life is continually weighing us in very sensitive scales, and telling every one of us precisely what his real weight is to the last grain of dust. Whoever at fifty does not rate himself quite as low as most of his acquaintance would be likely to put him, must be either a fool or a great man.

ON A CERTAIN CONDESCENSION IN FOREIGNERS.

Leave what to do and what to spare  
To the inspiring moment's care,  
Nor ask for payment  
Of fame or gold, but just to wear  
Unspotted raiment.

FANCY'S CASUISTRY.

OCTOBER 3.



OCTOBER 4.

## OCTOBER 5.

Every man is conscious that he leads two lives, — the one trivial and ordinary, the other sacred and recluse ; one which he carries to society and the dinner-table, the other in which his youth and aspiration survive for him, and which is a confidence between himself and God. Both may be equally sincere, and there need be no contradiction between them, any more than in a healthy man between soul and body. If the higher life be real and earnest, its result, whether in literature or affairs, will be real and earnest too.

ROUSSEAU AND THE SENTIMENTALISTS.

---

## OCTOBER 6.

Giddings, far rougher names than thine have grown  
Smoother than honey on the lips of men,  
And thou shalt aye be honorably known,  
As one who bravely used his tongue and pen,  
As best befits a freeman ; —

Fear nothing, and hope all things, as the Right  
Alone may do securely ; every hour  
The thrones of Ignorance and ancient Night  
Lose somewhat of their long-usurp'd power,  
And Freedom's lightest word can make them shiver  
With a base dread that clings to them forever.

TO J. R. GIDDINGS.

OCTOBER 5.



OCTOBER 6.

J. R. Giddings, 1795 ; Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, 1821.

## OCTOBER 7.

I, that still pray at morning and at eve,  
Loving those roots that feed us from the past,  
And prizing more than Plato things I learned  
At that best academe, a mother's knee,  
Thrice in my life perhaps have truly prayed,  
Thrice, stirred below my conscious self, have felt  
That perfect disenthralment which is God ;  
Nor know I which to hold worst enemy, —  
Him who on speculation's windy waste  
Would turn me loose, stript of the raiment warm  
By Faith contrived against our nakedness,  
Or him who, cruel-kind, would fain obscure,  
With painted saints and paraphrase of God,  
The soul's east-window of divine surprise

THE CATHEDRAL

---

## OCTOBER 8.

No very large share of truth falls to the apprehension of any one man ; let him keep it sacred, and beware of repeating it till it turn to falsehood on his lips by becoming ritual. Truth always has a bewitching savor of newness in it, and novelty at the first taste recalls that original sweetness to the tongue ; but alas for him who would make the one a substitute for the other !

CARLYLE.

He is a coward, who would borrow  
A charm against the present sorrow  
From the vague Future's promise of delight.

TO THE FUTURE.

OCTOBER 7.

---

OCTOBER 8.



OCTOBER 9.

What mortals saw of him lay here, while he,  
In charmed communion with his dual mind,  
Was wandering Spain, himself both knight and hind,  
Redressing wrongs he knew must ever be :  
His humor wise could see life's long deceit,  
Man's baffled aims, nor therefore both despise ;  
His knightly nature could ill fortune greet  
Like an old friend ; whose ever such kind eyes  
That pierced so deep, such scope, save his whose  
feet

By Avon ceased 'neath the same April's skies ?

THE PRISON OF CERVANTES.

---

OCTOBER 10.

Brave, good, and true,  
I see him stand before me now,  
And read again on that young brow,  
Where every hope was new,  
*How sweet were life !* Yet, by the mouth firm-set,  
And look made up for Duty's utmost debt,  
I could divine he knew  
That death within the sulphurous hostile lines,  
In the mere wreck of nobly-pitched designs,  
Plucks heart's-ease, and not rue.

. . . . .  
But the high soul burns on to light men's feet  
Where death for noble ends makes dying sweet.

MEMORIÆ POSITUM. R. G. S.

OCTOBER 9.

Cervantes, 1540.



OCTOBER 10.

Robert Gould Shaw, 1837; Benjamin West, 1738; Father  
Mathew, 1790.

## OCTOBER 11.

Although I can no longer resist the evidence of my own senses from the stone before me to the ante-Columbian discovery of this continent by the Northmen, . . . yet I would by no means be understood as wishing to vilipend the merits of the great Genoese, whose name will never be forgotten, so long as the inspiring strains of "Hail Columbia" shall continue to be heard. Though he must be stripped also of whatever praise may belong to the experiment of the egg, which I find proverbially attributed by Castilian authors to a certain Juanito or Jack, (perhaps an offshoot of our giant-killing mythus,) his name will still remain one of the most illustrious of modern times.

LETTER OF THE REV. HOMER WILBUR.

---

## OCTOBER 12.

Whatever can be known of earth we know,  
Sneered Europe's wise men, in their snail-shells  
curled;  
No! said one man in Genoa, and that No  
Out of the dark created this New World.

TO W. L. GARRISON.

Friendless, on an unknown sea,  
Coping with mad waves and more mutinous spirits,  
Battled he with the dreadful ache at heart  
Which tempts, with devilish subtleties of doubt,  
The hermit of that loneliest solitude,  
The silent desert of a great New Thought.

OCTOBER 11.



OCTOBER 12.

Landing of Columbus, 1492.

## OCTOBER 13.

Exact justice is commonly more merciful in the long run than pity, for it tends to foster in men those stronger qualities which make them good citizens.

DANTE.

Evil springs up, and flowers, and bears no seed,  
And feeds the green earth with its swift decay,  
Leaving it richer for the growth of truth ;  
But Good, once put in action or in thought,  
Like a strong oak, doth from its boughs shed down  
The ripe germs of a forest.

PROMETHEUS.

---

## OCTOBER 14.

Therefore think not the Past is wise alone,  
For Yesterday knows nothing of the Best,  
And thou shalt love it only as the nest  
Whence glory-winged things to Heaven have flown :  
To the great Soul alone are all things known ;  
Present and future are to her as past,  
While she in glorious madness doth forecast  
That perfect bud, which seems a flower full-blown  
To each new Prophet, and yet always opes  
Fuller and fuller with each day and hour,  
Heartening the soul with odor of fresh hopes,  
And longings high, and gushings of wide power,  
Yet never is or shall be fully blown  
Save in the forethought of the Eternal One.

SONNET 18.

OCTOBER 13.

▲



OCTOBER 14.

## OCTOBER 15.

The war was ended. I might walk townward without that aching dread of bulletins that had darkened the July sunshine and twice made the scarlet leaves of October seem stained with blood. I remembered with a pang, half-proud, half-painful, how, so many years ago, I had walked over the same path and felt round my finger the soft pressure of a little hand that was one day to harden with faithful grip of sabre. On how many paths, leading to how many homes where proud Memory does all she can to fill up the fireside gaps with shining shapes, must not men be walking in just such pensive mood as I? Ah, young heroes, safe in immortal youth as those of Homer, you at least carried your ideal hence untarnished! It is locked for you beyond moth or rust in the treasure-chamber of Death.

ON A CERTAIN CONDESCENSION IN FOREIGNERS.

---

## OCTOBER 16.

Who is it needs such flawless shafts as Fate?  
What archer of his arrows is so choice,  
Or hits the white so surely? They are men,  
The chosen of her quiver; nor for her  
Will every reed suffice, or cross-grained stick  
At random from life's vulgar fagot plucked:  
Such answer household ends; but she will have  
Souls straight and clear, of toughest fibre, sound  
Down to the heart of heart. VOYAGE TO VINLAND.

OCTOBER 15.

James Jackson Lowell, 1837



OCTOBER 16.



## OCTOBER 17.

The vast superiority of Bunyan over Spenser lies in the fact that we help make his allegory out of our own experience. Instead of striving to embody abstract passions and temptations, he has given us his own in all their pathetic simplicity. He is the Ulysses of his own prose-epic. This is the secret of his power and his charm, that, while the representation of what *may* happen to all men comes home to none of us in particular, the story of any one man's real experience finds its startling parallel in that of every one of us. The very homeliness of Bunyan's names and the everydayness of his scenery, too, put us off our guard, and we soon find ourselves on as easy a footing with his allegorical beings as we might be with Adam or Socrates in a dream.

SPENSER.

---

## OCTOBER 18.

God sends his teachers unto every age,  
To every clime, and every race of men,  
With revelations fitted to their growth  
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth  
Into the selfish rule of one sole race :  
Therefore each form of worship that hath swayed  
The life of man, and given it to grasp  
The master-key of knowledge, reverence,  
Infolds some germs of goodness and of right.

RHÆCUS.

OCTOBER 17.



OCTOBER 18.

## OCTOBER 19.

Faith in God, faith in man, faith in work, — this is the short formula in which we may sum up the teaching of the founders of New England, a creed ample enough for this life and the next. If their municipal regulations smack somewhat of Judaism, yet there can be no nobler aim or more practical wisdom than theirs ; for it was to make the law of man a living counterpart of the law of God, in their highest conception of it. Were they too earnest in the strife to save their souls alive ? That is still the problem which every wise and brave man is lifelong in solving.

NEW ENGLAND TWO CENTURIES AGO.

---

## OCTOBER 20.

And T. H., the mere grasp of whose manly hand carries with it the pledge of frankness and friendship, of an abiding simplicity of nature as affecting as it is rare !

ON A CERTAIN CONDESCENSION IN FOREIGNERS.

Old friends ! The writing of those words has borne  
My fancy backward to the gracious past,  
The generous past, when all was possible,  
For all was then untried ; the years between  
Have taught some sweet, some bitter lessons, none  
Wiser than this, — to spend in all things else,  
But of old friends to be most miserly.

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

OCTOBER 19.

Edward Winslow, 1595 ; John Adams, 1735 ; Leigh Hunt,  
1784.



OCTOBER 20.

Thomas Hughes, 1823 ; Henry Inman, 1801.

OCTOBER 21.

The highest duty to mere man vouchsafed  
Was laid on thee, — out of wild chaos,  
When the roused popular ocean foamed and chafed,  
And vulture War from his Imaus  
Snuffed blood, to summon homely Peace,  
And show that only order is release.

. . . . .

Swept by thy hand, the gladdened chords,  
Crashed now in discords fierce by others,  
Gave forth one note beyond all skill of words,  
And chimed together, We are brothers.

O poem unsurpassed ! it ran  
All round the world, unlocking man to man.

TO LAMARTINE. 1848.



OCTOBER 22.

The rapidity with which the human mind levels itself to the standard around it gives us the most pertinent warning as to the company we keep. It is as hard for most characters to stay at their own average point in all companies as for a thermometer to say 65° for twenty-four hours together. I like this in our friend Johannes Taurus, that he carries everywhere and maintains his insular temperature, and will have everything accommodate itself to that.

A MOOSEHEAD JOURNAL.

OCTOBER 21.

Alphonse de Lamartine, 1792 ; S. T. Coleridge, 1772.



OCTOBER 22.

## OCTOBER 23.

Fastidiousness is only another form of egotism ;  
and all men who know not where to look for truth  
save in the narrow well of self will find their own  
image at the bottom, and mistake it for what they  
are seeking.    ROUSSEAU AND THE SENTIMENTALISTS.

Enthusiasm begets enthusiasm, eloquence pro-  
duces conviction for the moment, but it is only by  
truth to nature and the everlasting intuitions of  
mankind that those abiding influences are won that  
enlarge from generation to generation.

ROUSSEAU AND THE SENTIMENTALISTS.

---

## OCTOBER 24.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes, — they were  
souls that stood alone,  
While the men they agonized for hurled the con-  
tumelious stone,  
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden  
beam incline  
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith  
divine,  
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's  
supreme design.    THE PRESENT CRISIS.

Use can make sweet the peach's shady side,  
That only by reflection tastes of sun.

THE CATHEDRAL.

OCTOBER 23.



OCTOBER 24.



## OCTOBER 25.

Without anecdote, what is biography, or even history, which is only biography on a larger scale? Clio, though she take airs on herself, and pretend to be "philosophy teaching by example," is, after all, but a gossip who has borrowed Fame's speaking-trumpet, and should be figured with a tea-cup instead of a scroll in her hand. How much has she not owed of late to the tittle-tattle of her gill-flirt sister Thalia? In what gutters has not Macaulay raked for the brilliant bits with which he has put together his admirable mosaic picture of England under the last two Stuarts?

A GREAT PUBLIC CHARACTER.

---

## OCTOBER 26.

"I'm told you write in public prints : ef true,  
It's nateral you should know a thing or two." —  
"Thet air's an argymunt I can't endorse, —  
'T would prove, coz you wear spurs, you kep'  
horse :  
For brains," sez I, "wutever you may think,  
Ain't boun' to cash the draf's o'pen-an'-ink, —  
Though mos' folks write ez ef they hoped jes'  
quickenin'  
The churn would argoo skim-milk into thickenin'  
But skim-milk ain't a thing to change its view  
O' usefulness, no more 'n a smoky flue."

SUNTHIN' IN THE PASTORAL LINE

OCTOBER 25.

T. B. Macaulay, 1800; Charles Sprague, 1791.



OCTOBER 26.

## OCTOBER 27.

Time brings to obscure authors an odd kind of reparation, an immortality, not of love and interest and admiration, but of curiosity merely. . . . After all, perhaps, the next best thing to being famous or infamous is to be utterly forgotten, for this also is to achieve a kind of definite result by living. To hang on the perilous edge of immortality by the nails, liable at any moment to drop into the fathomless ooze of oblivion, is at best a questionable beatitude. And yet sometimes the merest barnacles that have attached themselves to the stately keels of Dante or Shakespeare or Milton have an interest of their own by letting us know in what remote waters those hardy navigators went a pearl-fishing.

A LIBRARY OF OLD AUTHORS

---

## OCTOBER 28.

“What helpeth lightness of the feet?” they said,  
“Oblivion runs with swifter foot than they;  
Or strength of sinew? New men come as strong,  
And those sleep nameless; or renown in war?  
Swords grave no name on the long-memored rock  
But moss shall hide it; they alone who wring  
Some secret purpose from the unwilling gods  
Survive in song for yet a little while  
To vex, like us, the dreams of later men,  
Ourselves a dream, and dreamlike all we did.”

THE VOYAGE TO VINLAND.

OCTOBER 27.



OCTOBER 28.

## OCTOBER 29.

Every one of Keats's poems was a sacrifice of vitality ; a virtue went away from him into every one of them ; even yet, as we turn the leaves, they seem to warm and thrill our fingers with the flush of his fine senses, and the flutter of his electrical nerves, and we do not wonder he felt that what he did was to be done swiftly.

KEATS.

Yes ! the few words which, like great thunder-drops,  
Thy large heart down to earth shook doubtfully,  
Thrilled by the inward lightning of its might,  
Serene and pure, like gushing joy of light,  
Shall track the eternal chords of Destiny,  
After the moon-led pulse of ocean stops.

TO THE SPIRIT OF KEATS.

---

## OCTOBER 30.

Whither leads the path  
To ampler fates that leads ?  
Not down through flowery meads,  
    To reap an aftermath  
    Of youth's vainglorious weeds,  
    But up the steep, amid the wrath  
And shock of deadly-hostile creeds,  
Where the world's best hope and stay  
By battle's flashes gropes a desperate way,  
And every turf the fierce foot clings to bleeds.

HARVARD COMMEMORATION ODE.

OCTOBER 29.

John Keats, 1795.



OCTOBER 30.

James S. Wadsworth, 1807; Angelica Kauffman, 1741.

OCTOBER 31.

When I was a beggarly boy,  
And lived in a cellar damp,  
I had not a friend nor a toy,  
But I had Aladdin's lamp ;  
When I could not sleep for cold,  
I had fire enough in my brain,  
And builded, with roofs of gold,  
My beautiful castles in Spain !

Since then I have toiled day and night,  
I have money and power good store,  
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright,  
For the one that is mine no more ;  
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,  
You gave, and may snatch again ;  
I have nothing 't would pain me to lose,  
For I own no more castles in Spain !

ALADDIN

OCTOBER 31.



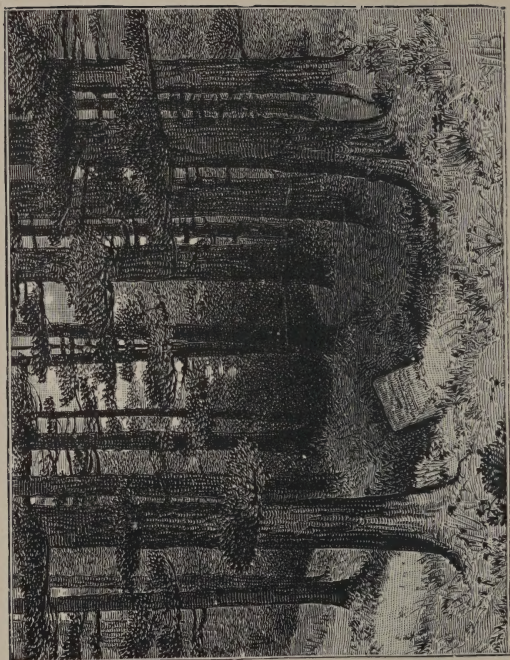
WHAT visionary tints the year puts on,  
When falling leaves falter through motionless air  
Or numbly cling and shiver to be gone !  
How shimmer the low flats and pastures bare,  
As with her nectar Hebe Autumn fills  
The bowl between me and those distant hills,  
And smiles and shakes abroad her misty, tremulous  
hair !

No more the landscape holds its wealth apart,  
Making me poorer in my poverty,  
But mingles with my senses and my heart ;  
My own projected spirit seems to me  
In her own reverie the world to steep ;  
'T is she that waves to sympathetic sleep,  
Moving, as she is moved, each field and hill and tree.

. . . . .  
O'er yon bare knoll the pointed cedar shadows  
Drowse on the crisp, gray moss ; the ploughman's  
call  
Creeps faint as smoke from black, fresh-fur-  
rowed meadows ;  
The single crow a single caw lets fall ;  
And all around me every bush and tree  
Says Autumn 's here, and Winter soon will be,  
Who snows his soft, white sleep and silence over all.

AN INDIAN-SUMMER REVERIE.





# November.

## PALINODE.

### AUTUMN.

STILL thirteen years : 't is autumn now

On field and hill, in heart and brain ;

The naked trees at evening sough ;

The leaf to the forsaken bough

Sighs not, — “ We meet again ! ”

Two watched yon oriole's pendent dome,

That now is void, and dank with rain,

And one, — O, hope more frail than foam !

The bird to his deserted home

Sings not, — “ We meet again ! ”

The loath gate swings with rusty creak ;

Once, parting there, we played at pain ;

There came a parting, when the weak

And fading lips essayed to speak

Vainly, — “ We meet again ! ”

Somewhere is comfort, somewhere faith,

Though thou in outer dark remain ;

One sweet sad voice ennoble's death, —

And still, for eighteen centuries saith

Softly, — “ Ye meet again ! ”

If earth another grave must bear,

Yet heaven hath won a sweeter strain,

And something whispers my despair,

That, from an orient chamber there,

Floats down, — “ We meet again ! ”

## NOVEMBER 1.

One feast, of holy days the crest,  
I, though no Churchman, love to keep,  
All-Saints, — the unknown good that rest  
In God's still memory folded deep ;  
The bravely dumb that did their deed,  
And scorned to blot it with a name,  
Men of the plain heroic breed,  
That loved Heaven's silence more than fame.  
ALL-SAINTS.

---

## NOVEMBER 2.

Now the Christian idea has to do with the human soul, which Christianity may be almost said to have invented. While all Paganism represents a few preëminent families, the founders of dynasties or ancestors of races, as of kin with the gods, Christianity makes every pedigree end in Deity, makes monarch and slave the children of one God. Its heroes struggle not against, but upward and onward *toward*, the higher powers who are always on their side. Its highest conception of beauty is not æsthetic, but moral. With it prosperity and adversity have exchanged meanings. It finds enemies in those worldly good-fortunes where Pagan and even Hebrew literature saw the highest blessing, and invincible allies in sorrow, poverty, humbleness of station, where the former world recognized only implacable foes.

DANTE.

NOVEMBER 1.

All-Saints-Day; Marie Antoinette, 1755.

---

NOVEMBER 2.

### NOVEMBER 3.

But now he sang of faith to things unseen,  
Of freedom's birthright given to us in trust ;  
And words of doughty cheer he spoke between,  
That made all earthly fortune seem as dust,  
Matched with that duty, old as Time and new,  
Of being brave and true.

. . . . .  
In our dark hours he manned our guns again ;  
Remanned ourselves from his own manhood's  
store ;  
Pride, honor, country, throbbed through all his  
strain ;  
And shall we praise ? God's praise was his  
before ;  
And on our futile laurels he looks down,  
Himself our bravest crown.

ON BOARD THE '76.

---

### NOVEMBER 4.

The true historical genius, to our thinking, is  
that which can see the nobler meaning of events  
that are near him, as the true poet is he who de-  
tects the divine in the casual ; and we somewhat  
suspect the depth of his insight into the past, who  
cannot recognize the godlike of to-day under that  
disguise in which it always visits us. CARLYLE.

No age was e'er degenerate,  
Unless men held it at too cheap a rate.

HARVARD COMMEMORATION ODE.



NOVEMBER 3.

William Cullen Bryant, 1794.



NOVEMBER 4.



## NOVEMBER 5.

Here was genius with no volcanic explosions (the mechanic result of vulgar gunpowder often), but lovely as a Lapland night; here was fame, not sought after nor worn in any cheap French fashion as a ribbon at the button-hole, but so gentle, so retiring, that it seemed no more than an assured and emboldened modesty; here was ambition, undebaſed by rivalry and incapable of the ſidelong look; and all theſe maſſed and harmonized together into a purity and depth of character, into a *tone*, which made the daily life of the man the greateſt maſter-piece of the ariſt.

CAMBRIDGE THIRTY YEARS AGO.

Ah, dear old homestead ! count it to thy fame  
That thither many times the Painter came ; —  
One elm yet bears his name, a feathery tree and tall.

AN INDIAN-SUMMER REVERIE.



## NOVEMBER 6.

He, too, is there,  
After the good centurion fitly named,  
Whom learning dulled not, nor convention tamed,  
Shaking with burly mirth his hyacinthine hair,  
Our hearty Grecian of Homeric ways,  
Still found the surer friend where least he hoped  
the praise.

AGASSIZ.

NOVEMBER 5.

Washington Allston, 1779.



NOVEMBER 6.

Cornelius C. Felton, 1807.

## NOVEMBER 7.

Certainly it is no shame to a man that he should be as nice about his country as about his sweetheart, and who ever heard even the friendliest appreciation of that unexpressive she that did not seem to fall infinitely short? Yet it would hardly be wise to hold every one an enemy who could not see her with our own enchanted eyes.

### ON A CERTAIN CONDESCENSION IN FOREIGNERS.

How many subtlest influences unite,  
With spiritual touch of joy or pain,  
Invisible as air and soft as light,  
To body forth that image of the brain  
We call our Country, visionary shape,  
Loved more than woman, fuller of fire than wine,  
Whose charm can none define,  
Nor any, though he flee it, can escape!

UNDER THE OLD ELM.

---

## NOVEMBER 8.

There are three short and simple words, the hardest of all to pronounce in any language (and I suspect they were no easier before the confusion of tongues), but which no man or nation that cannot utter can claim to have arrived at manhood. Those words are, *I was wrong*; and I am proud that, while England played the boy, our rulers had strength enough from the People below and wisdom enough from God above to quit themselves like men.

LETTER OF THE REV. HOMER WILBUR.

NOVEMBER 7.



NOVEMBER 8.

Seizure of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, 1861

## NOVEMBER 9.

We remember a picture of Hamon's, where before a Punch's theatre are gathered the wisest of mankind in rapt attention. Socrates sits on a front bench, absorbed in the spectacle, and in the corner stands Dante making entries in his note-book. Mr. Carlyle as an historian leaves us in somewhat such a mood. The world is a puppet-show, and when we have watched the play out we depart with a half-comic consciousness of the futility of all human enterprise, and the ludicrousness of all man's action and passion on the stage of the world.

CARLYLE.

---

## NOVEMBER 10.

Simple, kindly, blundering Oliver Goldsmith was after all wiser [than Carlyle], and his Vicar, ideal as Hector and not less immortal, is a demonstration of the perennial beauty and heroism of the homeliest human nature.

CARLYLE.

What! shall one monk, scarce known beyond his cell,

Front Rome's far-reaching bolts, and scorn her frown?

Brave Luther answered YES; that thunder's swell  
Rocked Europe, and discharmed the triple crown.

TO W. L. GARRISON.

NOVEMBER 9.



NOVEMBER 10.

Oliver Goldsmith, 1728; Martin Luther, 1483; Fred. Schiller  
1759.

## NOVEMBER 11.

An entirely new conception of the Infinite and of man's relation to it came in with Christianity. That, and not the finite, is always the background, consciously or not. It changed the scene of the last act of every drama to the next world. Endless aspiration of all the faculties became thus the ideal of Christian life, and to express it more or less perfectly the ideal of essentially Christian art. It was this which the Middle Ages instinctively typified in the Gothic cathedral, — no accidental growth, but the visible symbol of an inward faith, — which soars forever upward, and yearns toward heaven like a martyr-flame suddenly turned to stone.

DANTE.

---

## NOVEMBER 12.

But ah ! this other, this that never ends,  
Still climbing, luring fancy still to climb,  
As full of morals half-divined as life,  
Graceful, grotesque, with ever new surprise  
Of hazardous caprices sure to please,  
Heavy as nightmare, airy-light as fern,  
Imagination's very self in stone !  
With one long sigh of infinite release  
From pedantries past, present, or to come,  
I looked, and owned myself a happy Goth.

THE CATHEDRAL.

NOVEMBER 11.



NOVEMBER 12.



### NOVEMBER 13.

Pride of birth, I have noticed, takes two forms. One complacently traces himself up to a coronet ; another, defiantly, to a lapstone. The sentiment is precisely the same in both cases, only that one is the positive and the other the negative pole of it.

LITERARY REMAINS OF THE REV. HOMER WILBUR.

I do not object to a wholesome pride of ancestry, though a little mythical, if it be accompanied with the feeling that *noblesse oblige*, and do not result merely in a placid self-satisfaction with our own mediocrity, as if greatness, like righteousness, could be imputed. NEW ENGLAND TWO CENTURIES AGO.

---

### NOVEMBER 14.

Science was Faith once ; Faith were Science now,  
Would she but lay her bow and arrows by,  
And arm her with the weapons of the time.  
Nothing that keeps thought out is safe from  
thought ;

For there's no virgin-fort but self-respect,  
And Truth defensive hath lost hold on God.  
Shall we treat Him as if He were a child  
That knew not His own purpose ? nor dare trust  
The Rock of Ages to their chemic tests,  
Lest some day the all-sustaining base divine  
Should fail from under us, dissolved in gas ?

THE CATHEDRAL

NOVEMBER 12.



NOVEMBER 14.

Sir Charles Lyell, 1797.

NOVEMBER 15.

There are who triumph in a losing cause,  
Who can put on defeat, as 't were a wreath  
Unwithering in the adverse popular breath,  
Safe from the blasting demagogue's applause ;  
'T is they who stand for Freedom and God's laws

And so stands Palfrey now, as Marvell stood,  
Loyal to Truth dethroned, nor could be wooed  
To trust the playful tiger's velvet paws.

TO JOHN G. PALFREY.

---

NOVEMBER 16.

I sit and dream that I hear, as of yore,  
My Elmwood chimneys' deep-throated roar ;  
If much be gone, there is much remains ;  
By the embers of loss I count my gains,  
You and yours with the best, till the old hope glows  
In the fanciful flame, as I toast my toes.

TO CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

For, in the glory-guarded pass,  
Her haughty and far-shining head  
She bowed to shrive Leonidas  
With his imperishable dead ;  
Her, too, Morgarten saw,  
Where the Swiss lion fleshed his icy paw ;  
. . . . .  
Yea, on her feet are dearer dyes  
Yet fresh, nor looked on with untearful eyes.

ODE READ AT CONCORD.

NOVEMBER 15.

Andrew Marvell, 1620; William Pitt, 1708; R. H. Dana,  
1787.

---

NOVEMBER 16.

Charles Eliot Norton, 1827; Battle of Morgarten, 1315

## NOVEMBER 17.

True Love is but a humble, low-born thing,  
And hath its food served up in earthen ware ;

. . . . .  
A simple, fireside thing, whose quiet smile  
Can warm earth's poorest hovel to a home ;  
Which, when our autumn cometh, as it must,  
And life in the chill wind shivers bare and leafless,  
Shall still be blest with Indian-summer youth  
In bleak November, and, with thankful heart,  
Smile on its ample stores of garnered fruit,  
As full of sunshine to our aged eyes  
As when it nursed the blossoms of our spring.

LOVE.

---

## NOVEMBER 18.

There is only one thing better than tradition,  
and that is the original and eternal life out of which  
all tradition takes its rise.

THOREAU.

Good luck is the willing handmaid of upright,  
energetic character, and conscientious observance  
of duty.

WORDSWORTH.

Reputation is in itself only a farthing-candle, of  
wavering and uncertain flame, and easily blown out,  
but it is the light by which the world looks for and  
finds merit.

KEATS.

NOVEMBER 17.



NOVEMBER 18.

## NOVEMBER 19.

Twenty years ago, General Garfield offered his life to his country, and he has died for her as truly and more fruitfully now than if fate had accepted the offer then. Not only has his blood cemented our Union, but the dignity, the patience, the self-restraint, the thoughtfulness for others, the serene valor which he showed under circumstances so disheartening, and amid the wreck of hopes so splendid, are a possession and a stimulus to his countrymen forever. The emulation of examples like his makes nations great, and keeps them so. The soil out of which such men as he are made is good to be born on, good to live on, good to die for and to be buried in.

ADDRESS AT THE LONDON MEMORIAL MEETING.

As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,  
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

YUSSOUF.

---

## NOVEMBER 20.

Why make me moan  
For loss that doth enrich us yet  
With upward yearnings of regret?

. . . . .  
As thrills of long-hushed tone  
Live in the viol, so our souls grow fine  
With keen vibrations from the touch divine  
Of noble natures gone.

MEMORIÆ POSITUM.

NOVEMBER 19.

James A. Garfield, 1831.



NOVEMBER 20.



## NOVEMBER 21.

The masses of any people, however intelligent, are very little moved by abstract principles of humanity and justice, until those principles are interpreted for them by the stinging commentary of some infringement upon their own rights ; and then their instincts and passions, once aroused, do indeed derive an incalculable reinforcement of impulse and intensity from those higher ideas, those sublime traditions, which have no motive political force till they are allied with a sense of immediate personal wrong or imminent peril. Then at last the stars in their courses begin to fight against Sisera.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

---

## NOVEMBER 22

The longer on this earth we live  
And weigh the various qualities of men,  
Seeing how most are fugitive,  
Or fitful gifts, at best, of now and then,  
Wind-wavered corpse-lights, daughters of the fen,  
The more we feel the high stern-featured beauty  
Of plain devotedness to duty,  
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,  
But finding amplest recompense  
For life's ungarlanded expense  
In work done squarely and unwasted days.

UNDER THE OLD ELM.

NOVEMBER 21



NOVEMBER 22.

Philip Schuyler, 1733; Dugald Stewart, 1753; Marian Evans  
Cross, 1820.

## NOVEMBER 23.

Well, God cares for the many ;  
For somehow the poor old Earth blunders along,  
Each son of hers adding his mite of unfitness,  
And, choosing the sure way of coming out wrong,  
Gets to port as the next generation will witness.

You think her old ribs have come all crashing  
through,  
If a whisk of Fate's broom snap your cobweb  
asunder ;  
But her rivets were clinched by a wiser than you,  
And our sins cannot push the Lord's right hand  
from under.

TWO SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF BLONDEL.

---

## NOVEMBER 24.

Even Jean Paul, the greatest of German humorous authors, and never surpassed in comic conception or in the pathetic quality of humor, is not to be named with his master, Sterne, as a creative humorist. What are Siebenkäs, Fixlein, Schmelzle, and Fibel (a single lay-figure to be draped at will with whimsical sentiment and reflection, and put in various attitudes), compared with the living reality of Walter Shandy and his brother Toby, characters which we do not see merely as puppets in the author's mind, but poetically projected from it in an independent being of their own ?

LESSING.

NOVEMBER 23.

---

NOVEMBER 24.

Laurence Sterne, 1713

## NOVEMBER 25.

Enthusiasm, once cold, can never be warmed over into anything better than cant, — and phrases, when once the inspiration that filled them with beneficent power has ebbed away, retain only that semblance of meaning which enables them to supplant reason in hasty minds. Among the lessons taught by the French Revolution there is none sadder or more striking than this, that you may make everything else out of the passions of men except a political system that will work, and that there is nothing so pitilessly and unconsciously cruel as sincerity formulated into dogma.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

---

## NOVEMBER 26.

To me Cowper is still the best of our descriptive poets for every-day wear. And what unobtrusive skill he has ! How he heightens, for example, your sense of winter-evening seclusion, by the twanging horn of the postman on the bridge ! That horn has rung in my ears ever since I first heard it, during the consulate of the second Adams.

A GOOD WORD FOR WINTER.

The wind is roistering out of doors,  
My windows shake and my chimney roars ;  
My Elmwood chimneys seem crooning to me,  
As of old, in their moody, minor key,  
And out of the past the hoarse wind blows,  
As I sit in my arm-chair, and toast my toes.

TO CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

NOVEMBER 25.



NOVEMBER 26.

William Cowper, 1731

## NOVEMBER 27.

I love to l'iter there while night grows still,  
An' in the twinklin' villages about,  
Fust here, then there, the well-saved lights goes out,  
An' nary sound but watch-dogs' false alarms,  
Or muffled cock-crows from the drowsy farms,  
Where some wise rooster (men act jest thet way)  
Stands to 't thet moon-rise is the break o' day :  
(So Mister Seward sticks a three months' pin  
Where the war 'd oughto eend, then tries agin ;  
My gran'ther's rule was safer 'n 't is to crow :  
*Don't never prophesy — onless ye know.*)

MASON AND SLIDELL: A YANKEE IDYLL.

---

## NOVEMBER 28.

With every step of the recent traveller our inheritance of the wonderful is diminished. Those beautifully pictured notes of the Possible are redeemed at a ruinous discount in the hard and cumbersome coin of the Actual. How are we not defrauded and impoverished? Does California vie with El Dorado? or are Bruce's Abyssinian kings a set-off for Prester John? A bird in the bush is worth two in the hand. And if the philosophers have not even yet been able to agree whether the world has any existence independent of ourselves, how do we not gain a loss in every addition to the catalogue of Vulgar Errors?

AT SEA.

NOVEMBER 27.



NOVEMBER 28.

John Lloyd Stephens, 1805 ; William Blake, 1757



## NOVEMBER 29.

He stood upon the world's broad threshold ; wide  
The din of battle and of slaughter rose ;  
He saw God stand upon the weaker side,  
That sank in seeming loss before its foes :  
Many there were who made great haste and sold  
Unto the cunning enemy their swords ;  
He scorned their gifts of fame, and power, and gold,  
And, underneath their soft and flowery words,  
Heard the cold serpent hiss ; therefore he went  
And humbly joined him to the weaker part,  
Fanatic named, and fool, yet well content  
So he could be the nearer to God's heart,  
And feel its solemn pulses sending blood  
Through all the wide-spread veins of endless good.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

---

## NOVEMBER 30.

Among all Pope's correspondents, Swift shows in the most dignified and, one is tempted to say, the most amiable light. It is creditable to the Dean that the letters which Pope addressed to him are by far the most simple and straightforward of any that he wrote. No sham could encounter those terrible eyes in Dublin without wincing. POPE.

Sincerity is impossible, unless it pervade the whole being, and the pretence of it saps the very foundation of character.

POPE

NOVEMBER 29.

Wendell Phillips, 1811; Sir Philip Sidney, 1554.



NOVEMBER 30.

Dean Swift, 1667; Lord Stafford, 1612.

Yea truly, as the fallowing years  
Fall from us faster, like frost-loosened leaves  
Pushed by the misty touch of shortening days,  
And that unwakened winter nears,  
'T is the void chair our surest guests receives,  
'T is lips long cold that give the warmest kiss,  
'T is the lost voice comes oftenest to our ears ;  
We count our rosary by the beads we miss :  
To me, at least, it seemeth so,  
An exile in the land once found divine,  
While my starved fire burns low,  
And homeless winds at the loose casement whine  
Shrill ditties of the snow-roofed Apennine.

AGASSIZ





## December.

---

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,  
From the snow five thousand summers old ;  
On open wold and hill-top bleak

It had gathered all the cold,  
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek ;  
It carried a shiver everywhere

From the unleaved boughs and pastures bare ;  
The little brook heard it and built a roof

Neath which he could house him, winter-proof ;  
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams

He groined his arches and matched his beams ;  
Slender and clear were his crystal spars

As the lashes of light that trim the stars :

He sculptured every summer delight  
In his halls and chambers out of sight ;

. . . . .

'T was as if every image that mirrored lay  
In his depths serene through the summer day,

Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,  
Lest the happy model should be lost,

Had been mimicked in fairy masonry  
By the elfin builders of the frost.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

## DECEMBER 1.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,  
And busily all the night  
Had been heaping field and highway  
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock  
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,  
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree  
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara  
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,  
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,  
And still fluttered down the snow.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

---

## DECEMBER 2.

The sentimentalist does not think of what he does so much as of what the world will think of what he does. He translates should into would, looks upon the spheres of duty and beauty as alien to each other, and can never learn how life rounds itself to a noble completeness between these two opposite but mutually sustaining poles of what we long for and what we must.

ROUSSEAU AND THE SENTIMENTALISTS.

Not suffering, but faint heart, is worst of woes.

THE WASHERS OF THE SHROUD.



DECEMBER 1.



DECEMBER 2.



### DECEMBER 3.

Then, every morn, the river's banks shine bright  
With smooth plate-armor, treacherous and frail,  
By the frost's clinking hammers forged at night,  
'Gainst which the lances of the sun prevail,  
Giving a pretty emblem of the day  
When guiltier arms in light shall melt away,  
And states shall move free-limbed, loosed from  
war's cramping mail.

AN INDIAN-SUMMER REVERIE.

---

### DECEMBER 4.

His is one of the natures, rare in these latter centuries, capable of rising to a white-heat ; but once fairly kindled, he is like a three-decker on fire, and his shotted guns go off, as the glow reaches them, alike dangerous to friend or foe. Though he seems more and more to confound material with moral success, yet there is always something wholesome in his unswerving loyalty to reality, as he understands it. . . . The debt due him from those who listened to the teachings of his prime for revealing to them what sublime reserves of power even the humblest may find in manliness, sincerity, and self-reliance, can be paid with nothing short of reverential gratitude.

CARLYLE.

DECEMBER 3.



DECEMBER 4.

Thomas Carlyle, 1795.

## DECEMBER 5.

The'ry thinks Fact a pooty thing,  
An' wants the banns read right ensuin' ;  
But fact wun't noways wear the ring,  
'Thout years o' settin' up an' wooin' :  
Though, arter all, Time's dial-plate  
Marks cent'ries with the minute-finger,  
An' Good can't never come tu late,  
Though it doos seem to try an' linger.

LATEST VIEWS OF MR. BIGLOW.

---

## DECEMBER 6.

The preludings of Winter are as beautiful as those of Spring. In a gray December day, when, as the farmers say, it is too cold to snow, his numbed fingers will let fall doubtfully a few star-shaped flakes, the snow-drops and anemones that harbinger his more assured reign. Now, and now only, may be seen, heaped on the horizon's eastern edge, those "blue clouds" from forth which Shakespeare says that Mars "doth pluck the masoned turrets." Sometimes, also, when the sun is low, you will see a single cloud trailing a flurry of snow along the southern hills in a wavering fringe of purple. And when at last the real snow-storm comes, it leaves the earth with a virginal look on it that no other of the seasons can rival, — compared with which, indeed, they seem soiled and vulgar.

A GOOD WORD FOR WINTER.

DECEMBER 5.



DECEMBER 6.

## DECEMBER 7.

Where is the true man's fatherland ?  
Is it where he by chance is born ?  
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn  
In such scant borders to be spanned ?  
O yes ! his fatherland must be  
As the blue heaven wide and free !

Is it alone where freedom is,  
Where God is God and man is man ?  
Doth he not claim a broader span  
For the soul's love of home than this ?  
O yes ! his fatherland must be  
As the blue heaven wide and free !

THE FATHERLAND

---

## DECEMBER 8.

It is not his Latin which makes Horace cosmopolitan, nor can Béranger's French prevent his becoming so. No hedge of language, however thorny, no dragon-coil of centuries, will keep men away from these true apples of the Hesperides if once they have caught sight or scent of them. If poems die, it is because there was never true life in them, that is, that true poetic vitality which no depth of thought, no airiness of fancy, no sincerity of feeling, can singly communicate, but which leaps throbbing at touch of that shaping faculty the imagination.

SPENSER.

DECEMBER 7.



DECEMBER 8.

Horace, B. C. 65 ; Lady Anne Barnard, 1750 ; Elihu  
Burritt, 1811.

## DECEMBER 9.

In reading "Paradise Lost" one has a feeling of vastness. You float under an illimitable sky, brimmed with sunshine or hung with constellations; the abysses of space are about you; you hear the cadenced surges of an unseen ocean; thunders mutter round the horizon; and if the scene change, it is with an elemental movement like the shifting of mighty winds. His imagination seldom condenses, like Shakespeare's, in the kindling flash of a single epithet, but loves better to diffuse itself. Witness his descriptions, wherein he seems to circle like an eagle bathing in the blue streams of air, controlling with his eye broad sweeps of champaign or of sea, and rarely fulminating in the sudden swoop of intenser expression.

MILTON.

---

## DECEMBER 10.

In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,  
Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearned young  
man;  
The place was dark, unfurnished, and mean;—  
Yet there the freedom of a race began.  
. . . . .  
O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,  
Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain!  
Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,  
Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain.

TO W. L. GARRISON.

DECEMBER 9.

John Milton, 1608; Gustavus Adolphus, 1594.



DECEMBER 10.

William Lloyd Garrison, 1825.



## DECEMBER 11.

Wayward ! when once we feel thy lack,  
'T is worse than vain to woo thee back !

Yet there is one who seems to be  
Thine elder sister, in whose eyes  
A faint far northern light will rise  
Sometimes, and bring a dream of thee ;  
She is not that for which youth hoped,  
But she hath blessings all her own,  
Thoughts pure as lilies newly oped,  
And faith to sorrow given alone :  
Almost I deem that it is thou  
Come back with graver matron brow,  
With deepened eyes and bated breath,  
Like one that somewhere hath met Death,  
But " No," she answers, " I am she  
Whom the gods love, Tranquillity."

ODE TO HAPPINESS.

---

## DECEMBER 12.

We hardly know, till we have experienced the contrast, how sensibly our winter is alleviated by the longer daylight and the pellucid atmosphere. I once spent a winter in Dresden, a southern climate compared with England, and really almost lost my respect for the sun when I saw him groping among the chimney-pots opposite my windows as he described his impoverished arc in the sky.

A GOOD WORD FOR WINTER.

DECEMBER 11.



DECEMBER 12.

## DECEMBER 13.

Each day the world is born anew  
For him who takes it rightly ;  
Not fresher that which Adam knew,  
Not sweeter that whose moonlit dew  
Entranced Arcadia nightly.

Rightly? That 's simply : 't is to see  
*Some* substance casts these shadows  
Which we call Life and History,  
That aimless seem to chase and flee  
Like wind-gleams over meadows.

Simply? That 's nobly : 't is to know  
That God may still be met with,  
Nor groweth old, nor doth bestow  
These senses fine, this brain aglow,  
To grovel and forget with.

GOLD EGG: A DREAM FANTASY.

---

## DECEMBER 14.

Henry IV. was as full of wise saws and modern instances as Mr. Lincoln, but beneath all this was the thoughtful, practical, humane, and thoroughly earnest man, around whom the fragments of France were to gather themselves till she took her place again as a planet of the first magnitude in the European system.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

DECEMBER 13.

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, 1815; Phillips Brooks, 1836.



DECEMBER 14.

Henry IV. of France, 1553.

## DECEMBER 15.

Every truth of morals must be redemonstrated in the experience of the individual man before he is capable of utilizing it as a constituent of character or a guide in action. A man does not receive the statements that "two and two make four," and that "the pure in heart shall see God," on the same terms. The one can be proved to him with four grains of corn ; he can never arrive at a belief in the other till he realize it in the intimate persuasion of his whole being. This is typified in the mystery of the incarnation.

DANTE.

---

## DECEMBER 16.

Now there bubbled beside them where they stood  
A fountain of waters sweet and good ;  
The youth to the streamlet's brink drew near  
Saying, " Ambrose, thou maker of creeds, look  
here ! "

Six vases of crystal then he took,  
And set them along the edge of the brook.

" As into these vessels the water I pour,  
There shall one hold less, another more,  
And the water unchanged, in every case,  
Shall put on the figure of the vase ;  
O thou, who wouldst unity make through strife,  
Canst thou fit this sign to the Water of Life ? "

AMBROSE.

DECEMBER 15.



DECEMBER 16.

George Whitefield, 1714; Thomas Starr King, 1824

## DECEMBER 17.

Like to a mighty heart the music seemed,  
That yearns with melodies it cannot speak,  
Until, in grand despair of what it dreamed,  
In the agony of effort it doth break,  
Yet triumphs breaking ; on it rushed and streamed  
And wantoned in its might, as when a lake,  
Long pent among the mountains, bursts its walls  
And in one crowding gush leaps forth and falls.

A LEGEND OF BRITTANY.

All honor and praise to the right-hearted bard  
Who was true to The Voice when such service was  
hard,  
Who himself was so free he dared sing for the slave  
When to look but a protest in silence was brave ;  
All honor and praise to the women and men  
Who spoke out for the dumb and the down-trodden  
then !

A FABLE FOR CRITICS.

---

## DECEMBER 18.

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release !  
Thy God, in these distempered days,  
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,  
And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace !  
Bow down in prayer and praise !  
No poorest in thy borders but may now  
Lift to the juster skies a man's enfranchised brow.

HARVARD COMMEMORATION ODE.

DECEMBER 17.

Beethoven, 1770; J. G. Whittier, 1807; Joseph Henry, 1797



DECEMBER 18.

Constitutional Amendment abolishing Slavery, 1865; Charles Wesley, 1708; Karl Maria von Weber, 1786.



## DECEMBER 19.

Amid these fragments of heroic days  
When thought met deed with mutual passion's leap,  
There sits a Fame whose silent trump makes cheap  
What short-lived rumor of ourselves we raise ;  
They had far other estimate of praise  
Who stamped the signet of their souls so deep  
In art and action, and whose memories keep  
Their height like stars above our misty ways :  
In this grave presence to record my name  
Something within me hangs the head and shrinks ;  
Dull were the soul without some joy in fame ;  
Yet here to claim remembrance were, methinks,  
Like him who, in the desert's awful frame,  
Notches his cockney initials on the Sphinx.

ON BEING ASKED FOR AN AUTOGRAPH IN VENICE.

---

## DECEMBER 20.

I cannot conceive the confusion of tongues to have been the curse of Babel, since I esteem my ignorance of other languages as a kind of Martello-tower, in which I am safe from the furious bombardments of foreign garrulity.

LETTER OF THE REV. HOMER WILBUR.

Indeed, the power to express the same nothing in ten different languages is something to be dreaded rather than admired. It gives a horrible advantage to dulness.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

DECEMBER 19.



DECEMBER 20.

## DECEMBER 21.

Next to the fugitives whom Moses led out of Egypt, the little ship-load of outcasts who landed at Plymouth two centuries and a half ago are destined to influence the future of the world. The spiritual thirst of mankind has for ages been quenched at Hebrew fountains; but the embodiment in human institutions of truths uttered by the Son of man eighteen centuries ago was to be mainly the work of Puritan thought and Puritan self-devotion. Leave New England out in the cold! While you are plotting it, she sits by every fireside in the land where there is piety, culture, and free thought.

NEW ENGLAND TWO CENTURIES AGO.

---

## DECEMBER 22.

Formerly arts and arms were not divided by so impassable a barrier as now. . . . One would expect the proportions of character to be enlarged by such variety and contrast of experience. Perhaps it will by and by appear that our own Civil War has done something for us in this way. Colonel Higginson comes down from his pulpit to draw on his jack-boots, and thenceforth rides in our imagination alongside of John Bunyan and Bishop Compton. To have stored moral capital enough to meet the drafts of Death at sight, must be an unmatched tonic.

A GREAT PUBLIC CHARACTER.

DECEMBER 21.

Landing of the Pilgrims, 1620 ; Jean Racine, 1639 ; Leopold  
Ranke, 1795.



DECEMBER 22.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, 1823.

DECEMBER 23.

Wondrous and awful are thy silent halls,  
O kingdom of the past !  
There lie the bygone ages in their palls,  
Guarded by shadows vast ;  
There all is hushed and breathless,  
Save when some image of old error falls  
Earth worshipped once as deathless.

There sits drear Egypt, mid beleaguering sands,  
Half woman and half beast,  
The burnt-out torch within her mouldering hands  
That once lit all the East ;  
A dotard bleared and hoary,  
There Asser crouches o'er the blackened brands  
Of Asia's long-quenched glory.      TO THE PAST.

---

DECEMBER 24.

Solitude is as needful to the imagination as society is wholesome for the character.      DRYDEN.

As in the old fairy-tales, the task which the age imposes on its poet is to weave its straw into a golden tissue ; and when every device has failed, in comes the witch Imagination, and with a touch the miracle is achieved, simple as miracles always are after they are wrought.      SPENSER.

DECEMBER 23.

Jean François Champollion, 1790; Charles Augustin Sainte-  
Beuve, 1804.

---

DECEMBER 24.

## DECEMBER 25.

Within the hall are song and laughter,  
The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly ;  
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter,  
With lightsome green of ivy and holly.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

Walking the New Earth,  
Lo, a divine One  
Greets all men godlike,  
Calls them his kindred,  
He, the Divine.

Is it Thor's hammer  
Rays in his right hand ?  
Weaponless walks he ;  
It is the White Christ,  
Stronger than Thor.

THE VOYAGE TO VINLAND.

---

## DECEMBER 26.

He [Collins] was the first to bring back into poetry something of the antique fervor, and found again the long-lost secret of being classically elegant without being pedantically cold. . . . But beside his own direct services in the reformation of our poetry, we owe him a still greater debt as the inspirer of Gray, whose "Progress of Poesy," in reach, variety, and loftiness of poise, overflies all other English lyrics like an eagle.

POPE.

DECEMBER 25.

Sir Isaac Newton, 1642; William Collins, 1720



DECEMBER 26.

Thomas Gray, 1716; Mary Somerville, 1780



## DECEMBER 27.

I have spoken of the exquisite curves of snow surfaces. Not less rare are the tints of which they are capable, — the faint blue of the hollows, for the shadows in snow are always blue, and the tender rose of higher points, as you stand with your back to the setting sun and look upward across the soft rondure of a hillside. I have seen within a mile of home effects of color as lovely as any iridescence of the Silberhorn after sundown.

A GOOD WORD FOR WINTER.

---

## DECEMBER 28.

I know one person who is singular enough to think Cambridge the very best spot on the habitable globe. "Doubtless God *could* have made a better, but doubtless he never did."

ON A CERTAIN CONDESCENSION IN FOREIGNERS.

Dear native town ! whose choking elms each year  
With eddying dust before their time turn gray,  
Pining for rain, — to me thy dust is dear ;  
It glorifies the eve of summer day,  
And when the westering sun half sunken burns,  
The mote-thick air to deepest orange turns,  
The westward horseman rides through clouds of  
gold away.

AN INDIAN-SUMMER REVERIE.

DECEMBER 27.



DECEMBER 28.

Agreement to settle Cambridge, 1630.

## DECEMBER 29.

The imputation of inconsistency is one to which every sound politician and every honest thinker must sooner or later subject himself. The foolish and the dead alone never change their opinion.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Truth is eternal, but her effluence,  
With endless change, is fitted to the hour ;  
Her mirror is turned forward to reflect  
The promise of the future, not the past.

A GLANCE BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

---

## DECEMBER 30.

It mounts athwart the windy hill  
Through sallow slopes of upland bare,  
And Fancy climbs with foot-fall still  
Its narrowing curves that end in air.

I look and long, then haste me home,  
Still master of my secret rare ;  
Once tried, the path would end in Rome,  
But now it leads me everywhere.

Forever to the new it guides,  
From former good, old overmuch ;  
What Nature for her poets hides,  
'T is wiser to divine than clutch.

THE FOOT-PATH.

DECEMBER 29.



DECEMBER 30.

## DECEMBER 31.

Those awful powers on man that wait,  
On man, the beggar or the king,  
To hovel bare or hall of state  
A magic ring that masters fate  
With each succeeding birthday bring.

Therein are set four jewels rare :  
Pearl winter, summer's ruby blaze,  
Spring's emerald, and, than all more fair,  
Fall's pensive opal, doomed to bear  
A heart of fire bedreamed with haze.

To him the simple spell that knows  
The spirits of the ring to sway,  
Fresh power with every sunrise flows,  
And royal pursuivants are those  
That fly his mandates to obey.

But he that with a slackened will  
Dreams of things past or things to be,  
From him the charm is slipping still,  
And drops, ere he suspect the ill,  
Into the inexorable sea.

BIRTHDAY VERSES, WRITTEN IN A CHILD'S ALBUM.

DECEMBER 31.

## TO THE FUTURE.

O Land of Promise ! from what Pisgah's height  
Can I behold thy stretch of peaceful bowers,  
Thy golden harvests flowing out of sight,  
Thy nestled homes and sun-illumined towers ?  
Gazing upon the sunset's high-heaped gold,  
Its crags of opal and of chrysolite,  
Its deeps on deeps of glory, that unfold  
Still brightening abysses,  
And blazing precipices,  
Whence but a scanty leap it seems to heaven,  
Sometimes a glimpse is given  
Of thy more gorgeous realm, thy more unstinted  
blisses.

## INDEX OF NAMES AND EVENTS.

- 
- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p> <b>ADAMS, John, 319.</b><br/> <b>Adams, Samuel, 295.</b><br/> <b>Agassiz, Louis, 161.</b><br/> <b>Alfieri, 19.</b><br/> <b>All-Saints-Day, 335.</b><br/> <b>Allston, Washington, 339.</b><br/> <b>Ames, Fisher, 111.</b><br/> <b>Andersen, H. C., 103.</b><br/> <b>Ariosto, 275.</b><br/> <b>Arnold, Thomas, 181.</b><br/> <b>Atlantic Telegraph com-<br/>                     pleted, 227.</b><br/> <b>BACH, SEBASTIAN, 89.</b><br/> <b>Bacon, Francis, 23.</b><br/> <b>Barnard, Lady Anne, 373.</b><br/> <b>Beethoven, 383.</b><br/> <b>Béranger, Pierre Jean de, 253.</b><br/> <b>Blake, William, 361.</b><br/> <b>Bonaparte, Napoleon, 249.</b><br/> <b>Bossuet, Jacques B., 295.</b><br/> <b>Boston, Settlement of, 285.</b><br/> <b>Bremer, Frederika, 251.</b><br/> <b>Briggs, George N., 115.</b><br/> <b>Brooks, Phillips, 379.</b><br/> <b>Brown, John, 143.</b><br/> <b>Browning, Robert, 141.</b><br/> <b>Bruce, Robert, 89.</b><br/> <b>Bryant, Wm. Cullen, 337.</b><br/> <b>Bunker Hill, Battle of, 185.</b><br/> <b>Burns, Robert, 27.</b><br/> <b>Burritt, Elihu, 373.</b><br/> <b>Butler, Samuel, 49.</b> </p> | <p> <b>Byron, 23.</b><br/> <b>CALDERON DE LA BARCA, 19.</b><br/> <b>Cambridge, Settlement of, 393.</b><br/> <b>Campbell, Thomas, 227.</b><br/> <b>Carlyle, Thomas, 369.</b><br/> <b>Carroll, Charles, 287.</b><br/> <b>Cervantes, 309.</b><br/> <b>Champollion, J. F., 389.</b><br/> <b>Channing, Wm. Ellery, 109.</b><br/> <b>Charlemagne, 103.</b><br/> <b>Charles V., 59.</b><br/> <b>Child, Lydia Maria, 47.</b><br/> <b>Clarkson, Thomas, 95.</b><br/> <b>Clinton, George, 225.</b><br/> <b>Clough, Arthur Hugh, 3.</b><br/> <b>Coleridge, S. T., 321.</b><br/> <b>Coligni, Gaspard de, 51.</b><br/> <b>Collins, William, 391.</b><br/> <b>Columbus, Landing of, 311.</b><br/> <b>Constitutional Amendment,<br/>                     383.</b><br/> <b>Cooper, James Fenimore, 253.</b><br/> <b>Cooper, Peter, 47.</b><br/> <b>Copernicus, 55.</b><br/> <b>Cowper, William, 359.</b><br/> <b>Cromwell, Oliver, 127.</b><br/> <b>Cross, Marian Evans, 355.</b><br/> <b>Curran, J. P., 223.</b><br/> <b>Curtis, Geo. Wm., 59.</b><br/> <b>Cushman, Charlotte, 223.</b><br/> <b>Cuvier, 257.</b><br/> <b>DANA, FRANCIS, 181.</b> </p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|



# INDEX OF NAMES AND EVENTS.

- Dana, R. H., 349.  
 Dante, Alighieri, 161.  
 Decoration Day, 163.  
 Dickens, Charles, 43.  
 Dryden, John, 243.  
 Dwight, Timothy, 147.  
 EASTER-DAY, 93.  
 Elizabeth, Queen, 275.  
 Emancipation in Russia, 71.  
 Emancipation Proclamation, 289.  
 Emerson, R. W., 159.  
 FAHRENHEIT, 147.  
 Felton, C. C., 339.  
 Flaxman, John, 205.  
 Fleming, Marjorie, 17.  
 Franklin, Benjamin, 19.  
 Franklin, Sir John, 117.  
 Froude, Jas. A., 125.  
 Fry, Elizabeth, 155.  
 GALILEO, 51.  
 Garfield, James A., 353.  
 Garibaldi, 221.  
 Garnet, Henry Highland, 117.  
 Garrison, Wm. Lloyd, 375.  
 Giddings, J. R., 305.  
 Girard, Stephen, 155.  
 Goethe, 261.  
 Goldschmidt, Jenny Lind, 305.  
 Goldsmith, Oliver, 343.  
 Good Friday, 91.  
 Gray, Thomas, 391.  
 Greeley, Horace, 39.  
 Grimm, J. L., 5.  
 Gustavus Adolphus, 375.  
 HALE, NATHAN, 173.  
 Hallam, Arthur H., 37.  
 Halleck, Fitz-Greene, 207.  
 Handel, G. F., 59.  
 Harvard Commemoration, 221.  
 Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 203.  
 Henry IV., 379.  
 Henry, Joseph, 383.  
 Henry, Patrick, 163.  
 Herbert, George, 105.  
 Higginson, T. W., 387.  
 Hildreth, Richard, 195.  
 Hitchcock, Edward, 157.  
 Hoar, E. R., 57.  
 Holland, J. G., 223.  
 Holmes, O. W., 263.  
 Hood, Thomas, 157.  
 Hopkins, Samuel, 285.  
 Hopkins, Stephen, 75.  
 Horace, 373.  
 Howells, Wm. D., 69.  
 Hughes, Thomas, 319.  
 Hunt, Leigh, 319.  
 Huss, John, 205.  
 INDEPENDENCE DECLARED, 203.  
 Inman, Henry, 319.  
 Irving, Edward, 249.  
 Irving, Washington, 105.  
 JEFFERSON, THOMAS, 103.  
 Jerrold, Douglas, 5.  
 Johnson, Samuel, 285.  
 Jones, John Paul, 205.  
 Jonson, Ben, 179.  
 Judd, Sylvester, 223.  
 Judson, Adoniram, 243.  
 KAUFFMAN, ANGELICA, 329.  
 Keats, John, 329.  
 King, Thomas Starr, 381.  
 Kingsley, Charles, 179.  
 Kirkland, John T., 251.  
 Kossuth, Louis, 129.  
 LA FONTAINE, 207.  
 Lamartine, Alphonse de, 321.  
 Lamb, Charles, 53.  
 Landor, Walter Savage, 31.  
 Lessing, 23.  
 Lexington and Concord, 121.  
 Lincoln, Abraham, 47.  
 Linnæus, 157.  
 Livingston, Philip, 17.  
 LOCKE, D. R., 287.

# INDEX OF NAMES AND EVENTS.

- Longfellow, H. W., 63.  
 Lossing, Benson, J., 49.  
 Lovejoy, Owen, 7.  
 Lowell, Chas. Russell, 3.  
 Lowell, Jas. Jackson, 315.  
 Lowell, Jas. Russell, 57.  
 Lowell, Maria White, 207.  
 Lundy, Benjamin, 5.  
 Luther before the Diet, 119.  
 Luther, Martin, 343.  
 Lyell, Sir Charles, 347.  
 Lyon, Mary, 63.  
 MACAULAY, THOMAS B., 325.  
 Macready, Wm. Chas, 71.  
 Mann, Horace, 137.  
 Marie Antoinette, 335.  
 Marvell, Andrew, 349.  
 Mason, Lowell, 9.  
 Mason and Slidell captured,  
     341.  
 Mather, Cotton, 47.  
 Mathew, Father, 309.  
 Mazzini, 195.  
 Meade, Larkin G., 5.  
 Melanchthon, Philip, 51.  
 Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Fe-  
     lix, 39.  
 Mercédes, 193.  
 Mezzofanti, 285.  
 Michael Angelo, 73.  
 Milton, John, 375.  
 Mitchell, Ormsby M., 261.  
 Molière, 17.  
 Montaigne, 63.  
 Montesquieu, 19.  
 More, Sir Thomas, 43.  
 Morgarten, Battle of, 349.  
 Morse, Samuel F. B., 129.  
 Motley, John Lothrop, 117.  
 Mozart, 29.  
 NAPIER, SIR CHARLES, 73.  
 Newman, John Henry, 57.  
 Newspaper, First in U. S.,  
     293.  
 Newton, Sir Isaac, 391.  
 Norton, Charles Eliot, 349.  
 OSSOLI, MARGARET FULLER,  
     157.  
 PAGANINI, NICOLÒ, 53.  
 Palfrey, J. G., 135.  
 Park, Mungo, 277.  
 Parker, Theodore, 257.  
 Pascal, 187.  
 Patmore, Coventry, 223.  
 Peabody, George, 53.  
 Pepys, Samuel, 59.  
 Percival, J. G., 283.  
 Petrarch, 219.  
 Phillips, Wendell, 363.  
 Pico della Mirandola, 59.  
 Pilgrims, Landing of, 387.  
 Pitt, William, 349.  
 Pius IX., 147.  
 Plato, 155.  
 Pompey, 297.  
 Pope, Alexander, 155.  
 Popkin, John Snelling, 187.  
 Prescott, Wm. H., 137.  
 Putnam, George P., 57.  
 Putnam, Israel, 9.  
 Putnam, Wm. Lowell, 209.  
 QUINCY, EDMUND, 37.  
 Quincy, Josiah, 39.  
 RACINE, JEAN, 387.  
 Ranke, Leopold, 387.  
 Rembrandt van Ryn, 183.  
 Revere, Paul, 3.  
 Richter, Jean Paul, 89.  
 Robertson, F. W., 39.  
 Rollin, Charles, 31.  
 Ross, Sir J. C., 117.  
 Rousseau, J. J., 195.  
 Rubens, Peter Paul, 197.  
 SAINTE-BEUVE, 389.  
 Saint Botolph, 185.  
 Saint Pierre, Bernardin de, 21.  
 Saint Simon, 17.  
 Saint Theresa, 95.

## INDEX OF NAMES AND EVENTS.

- Savonarola, 289.  
 Schiller, Friedrich, 343.  
 Schlegel, A. W., 275.  
 Schlegel, F. K. W., 77.  
 Schoolcraft, H. R., 95.  
 Schubert, Franz, 33.  
 Schumann, Robert, 9.  
 Schuyler, Philip, 355.  
 Scott, Sir Walter, 249.  
 Sedan, Battle of, 269.  
 Seward, Wm. H., 149.  
 Shakespeare, 125.  
 Shaw, Robert G., 309.  
 Sherman, Roger, 121.  
 Sidney, Sir Philip, 363.  
 Silliman, Benjamin, 241.  
 Sismondi, 143.  
 Smith, Gerrit, 73.  
 Somerville, Mary, 391.  
 Spanish Armada defeated, 241.  
 Sprague, Charles, 325.  
 Spurgeon, Charles H., 187.  
 Stafford, Lord, 363.  
 Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn, 379.  
 Stark, John, 261.  
 Stephens, John Lloyd, 361.  
 Sterling, John, 219.  
 Sterne, Laurence, 357.  
 Stewart, Dugald, 355.  
 Story, Joseph, 285.  
 Story, William W., 55.  
 Stowe, Harriet B., 181.  
 Sumner, Charles, 7.  
 Swedenborg, Emanuel, 31.  
 Swift, Jonathan, 363.  
 TALLEYRAND, 49.  
 Taylor, Bayard, 13.  
 Taylor, Isaac, 251.  
 Tennyson, Alfred, 239.  
 Thaxter, Celia, 197.  
 Thiers, Louis A., 117.  
 Thomson, James, 279.  
 Thoreau, Henry D., 211.  
 Trumbull, John, 173.  
 Turner, J. M. W., 125.  
 UPHAM, CHARLES W., 137.  
 VICTORIA, QUEEN, 157.  
 Villa Franca, Peace of, 211.  
 WADSWORTH, JAMES S., 329.  
 Wagner, Richard, 155.  
 Walton, Izaak, 243.  
 Warren, Joseph, 179.  
 Washington assumed Command of Army, 203.  
 Washington, George, 57.  
 Waterhouse, Benjamin, 71.  
 Waterloo, Battle of, 185.  
 Watt, James, 21.  
 Weber, Karl Maria von, 383.  
 Webster, Daniel, 19.  
 Wesley, Charles, 383.  
 Wesley, John, 185.  
 West, Benjamin, 309.  
 White, Gilbert, 217.  
 White, R. G., 157.  
 Whitefield, George, 381.  
 Whittier, John G., 383.  
 Wilberforce, Wm., 257.  
 "Wilbur, Rev. Homer," 179.  
 William the Silent, 127.  
 Willis, Nathaniel P., 21.  
 Wilson, Henry, 51.  
 Winslow, Edward, 319.  
 Winthrop, John, 13.  
 Winthrop, Theodore, 289.  
 Witchcraft, First Accusation of, 61.  
 Wolfe, James, 3.  
 Wordsworth, William, 109.  
 XAVIER, ST. FRANCIS, 109.  
 ZWINGLE, ULRIC, 3.

*Index to Birthdays.*

A

B

NAME.

PAGE.

NAME.

PAGE.

*Index to Birthdays.*

C

D

|  |  |
|--|--|
|  |  |
|--|--|

*Index to Birthdays.*

E

F



*Index to Birthdays.*

G

H

|  |  |
|--|--|
|  |  |
|--|--|

*Index to Birthdays.*

I

J

---



*Index to Birthdays.*

K

L



*Index to Birthdays.*

M

N



*Index to Birthdays.*

O

P

*Index to Birthdays.*

Q

R

---

*Index to Birthdays.*

S

T



*Index to Birthdays.*

U

V

---

*Index to Birthdays.*

W

X

---

*Index to Birthdays.*

Y

Z

---













BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 9999 09939 015 3

